

FOR DYKES OF ALL SEXUAL PERSUASIONS

CUIM

Issue 5
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dyke fantasy and we are dyke reality. We are out to get their money, undermine their power, create a more caring world and fucking PARTY! Are you with us?

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Get us out of London!

Invite us to your group, meet, gay/soc (we're cheap, we'll take the bus). Let us give you questionnaires for quimquotes, collect your writings, ravings, photos, drawings, etc; talk about the magazine, distribute in your area, and GET US OUT OF LONDON.

Support your local dyke! Introducing lesbarados

The agency representing dykes and other bad girls

Quim dykes are available for hire! We have the most incredible pool of dyke talent imaginable. We can help you and/or your business with everything from concepts through production. We can stage cabarets or make your advert. Film/videomaking, graphic design, artists, illustrators, photographers, writers, actresses, models, producers, directors, etc., the list goes on and on. We are even available for shit work and odd jobs like cleaning, decorating, massage, moving, catering, gardening, etc.

Contact Lulu for more information: 071-277 7303.

Quim also has several projects in various stages of development. If you are a photographer, model or actress, if you have access to studios, cameras (still & moving), and/or editing equipment and particularly if you are interested in providing capital for worthwhile, visual, profit making dyke projects, contact Lulu as well.

We would like to ask our American readership to...

... please recognize that Britain, though an English speaking country, is another country, with different customs, laws and history. This includes the history of Black Britains. If you are interested in understanding what it is like to be a lesbian of colour in the UK, we advise that you read Making Black Waves, reviewed on pg. 94.

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Be part of the next issue see the back page

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della grace

photo by LAURENCE JAUGHEY-PAGET



VENT . . . VENT . . .

1 **Dum dum small talk.** Assimilate your schizoid tendencies and create your own world. Amongst friends, deconstruct time, space & language. Express. Hibernate. Avoid rules.

2 Preposterous demands must be made. Exaggerate them. Stand out-side and count to a very high number. Disassociate **energy** from those who waste it.

3 Lethargy **breeds** quickly. A lifehood - mine - could be wasted in seconds flat. Irrelevance itself has no real meaning (although this cannot be proved) A change of heart/clothes may be necessary at this state in the proceedings - remembering at all times to lock both **doors** and windows to deter intruders....safety cannot be guaranteed.

4 Regard all phenomena as normal. Subtract from three and make five - it's possible. Disregard **heartbeats** and movement. Lose yourself for a while - you'll remember where you were later. Collaborate with your dreams, talk with shadows. Declare a national holiday and drink lots of beer. Appear on chatshows, advertise dogfood, anything.

5 All philosophies/philosophers are 90% **bullshit**. Invent your own; it doesn't matter whichwayatall, anywhichway. Be hardnosed, soft fisted, **smart** and totally predictable. Ice and lemon? Well, it's the real thing. You're telling me!?! But we don't bother with them anymore.

6 Establish yourself as a force to be reckoned with. Smoke a cigarette. Connect the **dots**. Jumble the sale. Simplify or perhaps alternatively, tear along the dotted line. You may find it easier to use scissors. Ridicule everything. Death comes to everyone in time, so drive carefully.

7 Rain makes things wet, so keep your video recorder indoors at all times, whatever the temptation. Waste everyone's time and money - fall in love. You and your friends will notice the difference in 30 days. **Mutilate** your pals, but don't use the butter-knife. Try to welcome your arms with open enemies. Exploited rabbits will take their ugly revenge. Re-appraise your household electrical goods with a **caring** eye. Wire yourself up to the mains supply (not forgetting the earth). Become a timebomb, bloodless wonderfool full. Above All Do Not exist Without Adult Supervision.

Debbie Smith

assimilate
my
fist

Having made my foray into the world of straight business, the verdict is - it sucks! Working creatively within a male oriented, profit making structure is shit. Even given the best of possible situations - a gay owned business, creative control (ha!) - the operational word was **COMPROMISE**. Maybe that's just the way it is in the 'real' world. Maybe that's the only way to make money (not that we did). I don't know, I don't care. It sucks. Deadlines = pressure = bad judgement. What's the point? Who cares if we come out late? Why do we have to come out at a particular time? Maybe men need to make deadlines to create a cycle they can depend on in their life. Women don't have to, WE HAVE PERIODS. Working on *Well Sexy Women* depressed me. It lost me one my best friends. It put a horrible strain on another. The leftover depression rendered me incapable of creating something positive (*this magazine*) for quite some time. I feel it put my reputation and integrity into question. So to *Pride Video* and all associated - FUCK YOU and your money and your misogyny. You dressed up your hatred of me and mine in sheep wool as if we're idiots. Used us and our name to give you lesbian credibility. And I bought it like a fucking idiot. But don't you know, we learned a lot. I've got a lot more technical knowledge now. All us dykes involved got experience and exposure. Too bad for you and your like. To dykes out there - if you have the opportunity to get backing or financing for a creative project - remember keep it your project, maintain control. I'm sick of women getting shit because they're not 'business like'. Fucking sell-outs, they mean. NEGOTIATE. Negotiating is simple. Decide what you want to do and decide what you are willing to do for it. Period. If compromise is called for, you decide what compromises you are willing to make. Stop immediately if you aren't getting what you want. We have to stop accepting less. Demand it. Expect it. Just be clear about what you're doing. What are your responsibilities. There are no stupid questions. If someone truly supports your work they will help you get what you need to achieve your best. You don't have to know everything. You have to know what it is you are responsible for. How you get it done is up to you. *Lulu*

I'LL BE A POST FEMINIST THE
we came but we did not conquer, because

MEDIA BLOOD SUCKERS

PHOTO: HANS SCHERRL AND URSULA PURRER

Julie and Maria

Julie and Maria are first class gits
They hang around together
and they make me sick

They ought to sleep together
but they're too uptight
Just as well
It would make an ugly sight

They don't take acid
They don't take speed
Coke and booze
is all they need
Lots of it!

Julie's S&M. Maria's nowhere
Two lonely tarts with television hair
Julie is a writer
Maria is an Editor
And anybody could write
better than they do!

No one knows how old they are
They got famous in
your lunch hour
Screaming for a taxi
Asking for the street

Their knives are sharpening
but they're only
talent spotting...

Probably you!
(Bollocks first
Brain second
Spleen third etc)

Jane Solanas

You are penny pinching
You are pocket picking
You are profit poaching - homo
leeches

You are bland white male
monotony

High Energy

Misogyny

From Gaultier Sparta - lyrics by
Sister George



**GiRLS
WIR
HABEN
DAS
GELD**

We used to have the kind of love that
Dare not speak, now we see yuppie Dykes
On the cover of Newsweek
Roberta Achtenberg eats at the White House
This land is QUEER for You and Me
From Queerland - lyrics by The Buck Tooth
Varmints

Guidelines for media whores

or how to fuck with the system
without getting fucked

- Never justify yourself to a system that is unjustifiable
- Never be grateful
- Ask yourself if it makes your life better.
- Fair exchange is no robbery - make sure the price is right
- Being seen is not the same as being heard. Visibility is sometimes but not always power
- Scare Them.
- Don't expect respect from people you can't stand
- Any shame you feel about yourself will be used against you

• Ask yourself why?

*The love that has
learned to laugh*

Although lesbians have never been officially oppressed or imprisoned, they have certainly had an image problem in the last decade or two - which the bullet-headed, boiler suited man-hater of the Seventies and early Eighties did much to exacerbate. Those lesbians wanted a fight and they wanted to make their presence felt. By joining forces with homosexual men they could take on an air of outraged injury at the injustices an unliberated world had meted out to gay men.

London's Evening Standard

DAY WE HAVE POST PATRIARCHY
nobody knew we had been fucked!!!

anon woman
on pirate radio station

How do you feel black women are represented in the lesbian & gay media?

- They are not represented enough.
- Next to non-existent.
- Sex goddesses, gorgeous bodies or stroppy political animals, not hardly ever vulnerable.
- I haven't seen any. Most of the time I would rather buy a Black magazine that I could relate to than a gay mag with token blacks in it.
- I feel if black women are determined and put themselves forward with conviction and courage it is possible to achieve anything. There are black women in the lesbian and gay media and there are spaces for us, we just have to overcome our own self imposed limitations, get out there and do it.
- I am not in touch with the lesbian & gay media regularly enough to gain a fair impression. I hope that their representation of black women is more accurate, honest and realistic than that in the mainstream media.

What is your reaction when you see sexually explicit imagery of black dykes?

- It's not so much a matter of what I see, it's a matter of what I don't see. In general I appreciate imagery of black dykes but I would love to see more, more black women of all sizes, skin tones, cultural backgrounds, walks of life, sexual persuasions. We are many.
- I don't see many sexually explicit imagery of black dykes. I wish there were more.
- Primarily disappointment because the imagery is not usually appealing to me and never portrays the sexy dimension.

How would you change the images you see of black dykes?

- I wouldn't change the images, I just would like to see more images of black dykes. We need to be represented a bit more.
- Try and modify the stereotype of dyke. Very hard women they all are not. Encourage the artistry of black women loving each other.
- I would like to see more Afrocentric portrayal of black dykes. Yes, black women look great in leather, tee-shirts, jeans whatever but, to me a black woman in her traditional dress, in her own environment, whether dancing, reading, just sitting, working is a sight I love. It gives me a truer sense of what is actually trying to be portrayed. Erotic/exotic imagery is great but for who and why often needs to be addressed.



We tracked down a couple of Black women we knew who have posed for sexy photos or acted in sexy videos to see why they did it and how they felt about it. Here's what they say.

Why did you model nude/sexually explicit for photos/video?

- At first it was a personal challenge, but after giving the issue some thought I thought, yes, it's about time that black lesbians were visual, and sexually visual. We are not a myth, we do exist, we do have sex and we are confident and proud of our sexuality.

- The nude modeling I hadn't really thought about before doing it. The video was educational and I wanted to support the topic.

How did you feel while doing it?

- At first I was extremely nervous. I always get extremely nervous in front of cameras.

- I felt frightened, I felt fear of the anticipated rejection I would experience in the black community, a fear of possible media exposure, a fear that I wouldn't be the kind of 'role model' the lesbian/black lesbian community would want to be portrayed by. I guess I felt pretty insecure.

How do you feel for having done it?

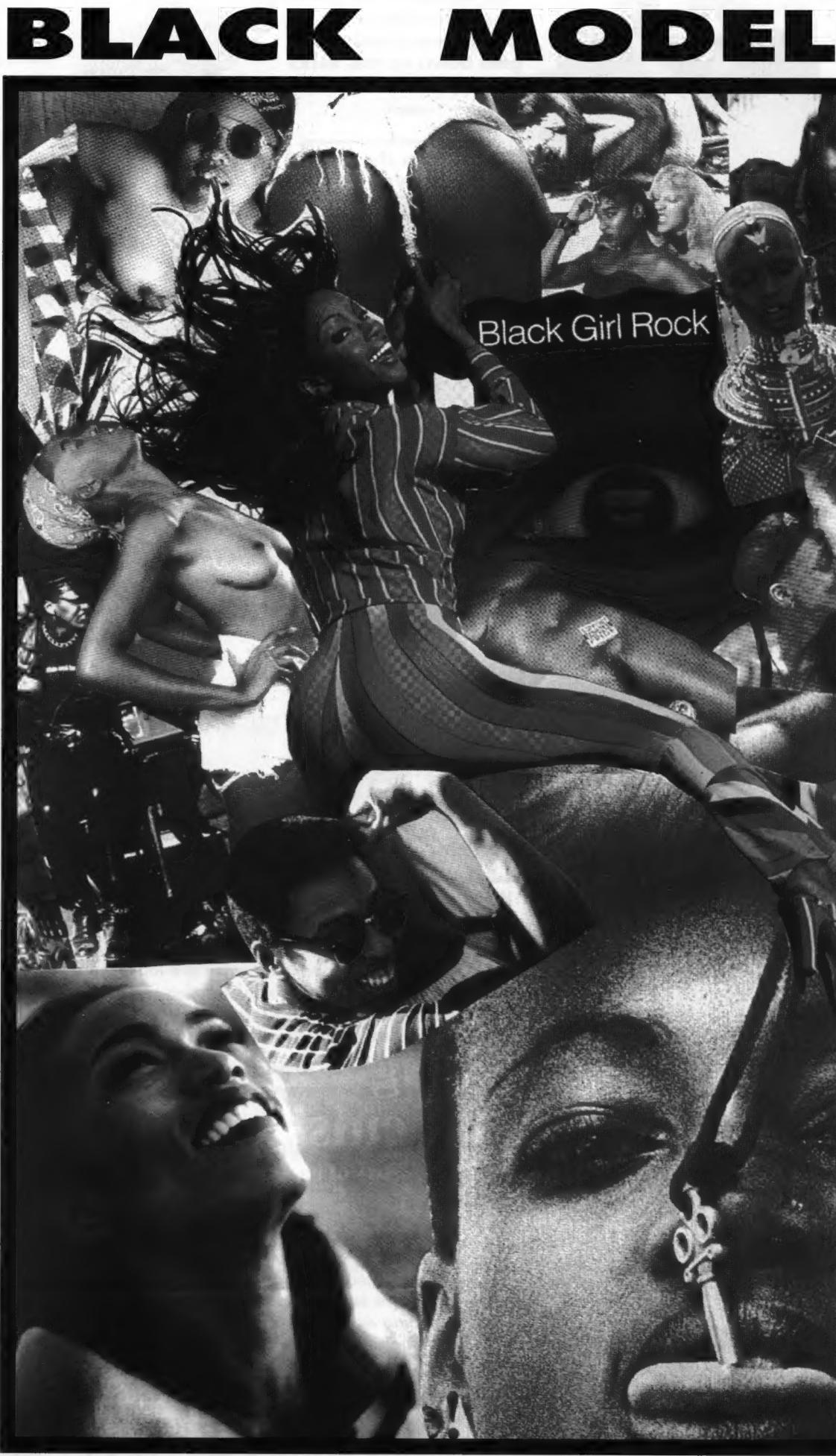
- I feel proud that I did it, on a personal level it was challenging, on a political and social level it was frightening and I did it anyway. I feel proud of myself more than the end product of my actions, but the end product was also gratifying.

- I still have strong feelings about why I did it and since I believe in it, it makes me feel that I have contributed to the education on HIV/AIDS.

What reaction do you get from people who have seen these images of you?

- Most of the reactions are positive.
- So far so good. My black sisters (from whom, secretly, I thought I'd receive criticism) have commended me on bringing a black on black perspective to the video I featured in. More commonly portrayed in the media are white couples or the token black/white interactions. It felt good to be able to offer that perspective and be congratulated for it.

We conducted a little experiment and asked Axelle, who is a dab hand with scissors and paste, to take a pile of mainstream - mostly fashion - magazines that we horde, and cut out all the pictures of black women she could find. She came back an hour later looking a bit like she had failed at a test saying 'they were not very many'. Ten to be precise - 5 of them Naomi Campbell - in over 1000 pages of magazines. We then handed her a smaller pile of lesbian magazines and sent her off on the same mission. She returned with a much bigger pile than we expected. This is what she found. And it was a shock. Who needs £10,000 or whatever to research racism in the media. The results are obvious to anyone who cares to see.





*Everything, especially when she puts my hand on her tits and pushes herself against me.

*Telephone sex. Telling me she's going to fuck me 'a different way', today.

Sweating at a club.

Standing in a doorway.

'Butch' hands on hips with her mouth slightly open.

*Gliding spread palms across her own naked curves - almost absent mindedly.

*Her tongue in my ear and cunt. When she sticks her fingers in my arse and goes down on me. Sucks my nipples HARD.

Little things she does that make you wet

*Sweet intake of breath when I touch her. Licking her fingers before putting them in me. Nibbling on my nipples. Slow, stroking, barely touching fingers. Putting her head on my breast after I've come to hear my heart racing. Bathing me.

*Being forceful.



*Bending over. Sitting with her feet on a table or over the arm of a chair. Talking on the phone with a friend.

Getting ready to go out. Eating a box of chocolates.

Watching TV together. Looking at herself in a mirror.

*When she won't take no for an answer.

WHAT IS SEXY?

What makes you think she'll be good in bed?

*Her desire to experiment; when she looks me all over confidently; when she complains that she hasn't had a scene (or straight sex) for days; the way she kneels down and looks up at me; the way she dances.

*She'll have an air of arrogance about her. It makes me want to fuck her in every position I can get her in. I want to break her.

*The size of her hands.

*If she's clever, witty, able to take control. Her dancing, the wolf in her eyes. Obedience in household chores.

*Understated dancing; nervous smoking; wanting to drink more than usual; talking faster or louder with her friends; touching me surreptitiously, without looking at me; not mentioning ex-lovers; talking about things she likes rather than things she doesn't like; wanting a long deep kiss; pulling my body against hers; taking the initiative in flirting/teasing; talking about clothes; asking me to dance; having to think about her breathing.

*Patience. Aggression. Relentlessness. She's got to have the patience to keep after me. To get me. And to make me wait as long to have her as it's taken her to get me.



A woman doing building work.
 A woman laying her hands on me when she's trying to get past.
 A crowd of butch women all at ease with each other.
 Policewomen (on duty).
 Sleeping on a train.
 Two women kissing in public.
 A femme in black stilettos with five inch silver heels and black backlined hosiery.
 Clingfilm stretched tight across a pussy.
 Fiction by Pat Califia, Cappy Katz.
 Shaved heads...long hair...tall, big, strong.
 The Dietrich song about 'the Boys in the Backroom' and she having the same as them.
 When I've caught someone's eye and they're still looking back after I've given them the once over. Slow.
 Big, firm arse and thighs. Yum, yum.
 Tattoos, discreet and black.
 Shoulders, brown and delicately muscular.

photo by
LAURENCE
JAUGEY-PAGET

The woman I love standing on her own in a club looking dreamy.

The idea of a backroom in a club.

Turn ons

Photos of ordinary people fucking.

A butch woman in white long Joe Boxer briefs.

Being let down just before I'm about to come.

Fucking her in the ass.

Someone who kisses like they want to be fucked hard.

Tough boots that don't make a sound.

Someone smoking because their nerves have something to do with me.

Covering her with a sheet and lying on top of her.

Levi's that fit like a boy.

A hard swollen clit.

Tolerant erect nipples.

Giving it up for your lover.

Being naked with only scrunch white gym socks on.

No light except fire (moon, candles, flares).

Tight t-shirts Masks Belts A perfect flattop
Reggae.

Smile
Eyes
Tits.

Bare feet Nudity
Jacuzzi's
Devotion
Submission
Soft skin
Hand-cuffs
Sexy underwear
Taking control

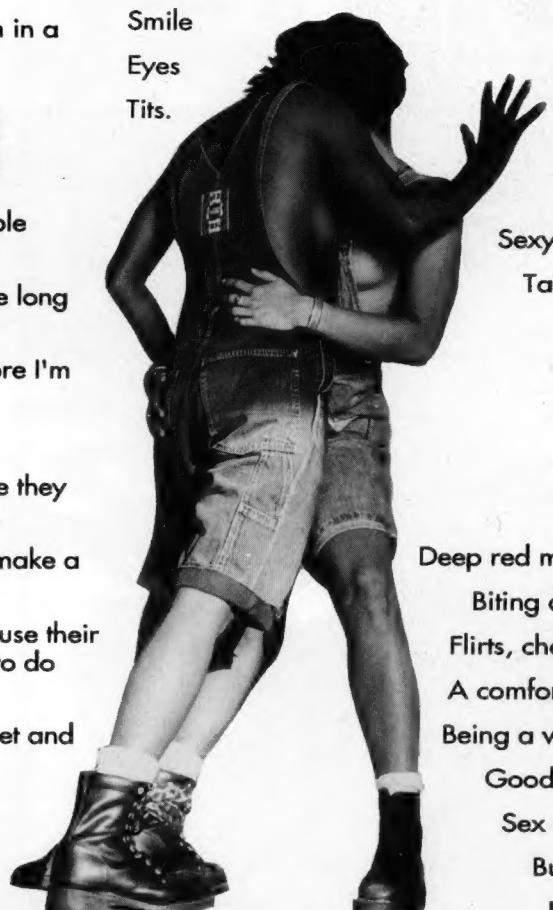


photo by JAIME SMITH

Deep red matte lipstick

Biting a bottom lip

Flirts, charming flirts

A comfortable stride

Being a woman man

Good solid boots

Sex on the floor

Butch but soft

Blindfolding

Silence spells

Leather jeans

Shaved lips

Sunglasses

One woman, the country, the night.

What is it about her?

*After helping washing the supper dishes, she picks me up and carries me into the bedroom. And when she really wants to do something she just looks at me with those big brown 'puppy dog' eyes and I melt.

*The way she says 'come on then'; her breasts, defying gravity; when she says 'no' and I ignore her; the casual way she wanks in public; her un-Englishness.

*The way her levi's fit snuggly on her bottom. The way her tits look perk underneath her ribbed v

*Watching her talk to other people, giving them verbal blowjobs. The fact that she is the most "womanly" woman I've ever been with.

*She has really fantastic tits. Even when she has her clothes on, I stare at her delicious, juicy tits and I get wet just thinking about squeezing and sucking them.

*Waiting for me in the parking lot on her motorcycle with her legs up on the handles.

*When she comes like a horse, her mouth, her cunt, her silky fingers sliding in me, her smooth rhythm fuck. The snake in her belly.

*Her complete and total selfishness. Especially when it's me she's being selfish with.

*Eyes and eye-lashes. Soft skin. Tits. Tight little cunt and cute belly button.

*How much I fantasise about having sex with her. How she dances.

*The look she gets on her face when she's conveying disgust.

*Darkness, mystery. Butch, of course, femme girls are easy.



mirror mirror

do dykes really care what we're supposed to look like?

beccy trowler explores the question



photo by F. RYDER LOPEZ model SHELLY MARS distorted by QUIM

The image of our own bodies is arguably the most essential and immediate way that we perceive ourselves and that we think others perceive us. Culturally bound definitions of what is desirable and attractive create a societal preference for the ideal body shape which in turn plays an important role in the development of our body image. The female 'reproductive figure' with a full stomach was idealised in the west during the middle ages- Botticelli's 'Venus' 1485 depicts the goddess of beauty as pear shaped and fleshy. The 19th Century Statue of Liberty bears a large and sensually rounded figure. In contrast the 20th Century ideal female body shape in varying degrees is diminished in comparison. The boy-like, flat chested ideal of the 20's produced the first ever Miss America of 30-25-32 proportions. Despite a societal emphasis upon larger breasts during the 40's and 50's, the 31-22-32 Twiggy skeleton took a firm hold in the 60's and coincided with the beginnings of a preponderance of anorexia nervosa (and bulimia nervosa) in the second half of this century. The media has imposed standards of beauty previously media portrayal of particularly those that

...a full stomach was idealised in the west during the middle ages - Botticelli's 'Venus' 1485 depicts the goddess of beauty as pear shaped and fleshy...

rise of the mass
even more uniform
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Contemporary
w o m e n ,
are successful and

high achieving, continue to place an emphasis upon thinness and yet such an ideal is impossible to achieve for most women. Large numbers of women are dissatisfied with their current weight and figure, and generally desire to weigh less than the medically ideal weight for their respective height and build (Fallen '85). Body dissatisfaction of this kind is so common in western industrialised countries that it has been described as a 'normative discontent' (Streigel-Moore '85). There is no doubt that a powerful drive for thinness pervades the heterosexual female population.

The question remaining to be answered is how does this 'lookism' effect lesbian culture. The pioneers of the 70's feminist lesbian movement promoted an 'anti-style' lesbianism based on the transgression of and challenge to many accepted notions of what is normal. 'Fat Dykes' referred to 'fat liberation' and declared 'The space I take up is the space I deserve'. Moreover they declared that the lesbian community was obliged not to mirror the injustices of the outside world, including those injustices produced by 'lookism'. But are we actually less concerned with living up to socially defined standards of female beauty? Do lesbians have different standards of ideal

weight and shape? Are we actually more accepting and satisfied with our bodies? Is there a lesbian body image? Several feminist psychologists have answered emphatically 'yes' to these questions. It has been demonstrated that lesbians are less anxious with regard to their physical appearance (Blumstein '83) and that women that have been sexually involved with other women were generally more satisfied with their bodies than their heterosexual counterparts (La Torre '83). Moreover, lesbians are underrepresented amongst the eating disordered population (Abraham '82). In a more recent study Herzog '92 looked at the relationship between sexual orientation and body image satisfaction. Although over 50% of all the women, straight and lesbian, wanted to lose weight, large differences were also apparent. Lesbians were less concerned with weight, desired a higher ideal weight and indeed were heavier. On the basis of such studies it might appear that lesbian ideology has enabled us to overcome already internalised cultural beliefs about the ideal female body shape. A momentous achievement.

On the other hand, in view of the limited number of studies that have focused upon the lesbian body image it would be premature to declare an understanding of the complexity of body image satisfaction within the lesbian community. Moreover, women who participated in these studies have been derived from the student population and are therefore unrepresentative of the lesbian community as a whole. In the main participants have been white, young and middle class. The emphasis upon slimness is not

...diverse non western cultural heritage must not be ignored if we are to understand the lesbian body image...

widespread in non western traditional cultures. Alibhai '80 reported that Kenyan Asian women rated fatter figures more favourably than did British Asian women. It has also been demonstrated that thinness is less highly valued amongst Indian women (Bulrich '81). The incidence of eating disorders is markedly less amongst AfroCaribbean and Asian communities in the UK (although this may reflect a lack of documentation of black women with anorexia and bulimia nervosa). What is clear is that diverse non western cultural heritage must not be ignored if we are to understand the lesbian body image.

'Lifestyle lesbianism' of the late 80's and early 90's has placed a greater emphasis upon clothing, style appearance and image. Lesbians have always played some part in the broader cultural context that values thinness in women. We might now expect younger 'lifestyle lesbians' to feel more pressure than older lesbians to attain a beauty ideal from mainstream culture. Indeed the feminist psychologist Streigel Moore '90 recently demonstrated few differences in body image and body esteem between lesbian and heterosexual women aged 20-24yrs. Have our momentous achievements been dissipated? Has our resistance to the societal preference for a particular body shape been overwhelmed by the pressures experienced by the contemporary lifestyle lesbian? Or have we simply moved on, strengthened by lesbian ideology, able to move outside lesbian subculture and yet retain our resistance.



mirror mirror

So what do we think of our bodies and what do we like in others? Here are only a few of the questions we asked, as the more specific ones, the more personal ones, went mostly unanswered. We asked a wide variety of 'body types' and found everyone reluctant to expose themselves. Anyone want to try again? Send us a note if you are into answering a questionnaire on this or any other topic.

Describe yourself

*It depends on the day. Some days, ok, other days, incredibly fat. Most of the time, nice-but-definitely-not-thin. *I would say I am reasonably fit. Slightly over weight. *Scrappy butch. Bike riding punk. Non-queers usually think I'm a boy. *BIG *Chunky! *Fairly well. *Firm and fabulous! I'm actually quite muscular and strong beneath a variable layer of fat.

How does your body make you feel?

*Lately I've been aware of my breasts, especially when I'm at the computer. I feel as though my arms are bumping into them as I type. I would like to have small, neat breasts. I don't think about my body too much. *Sometimes I am quite happy with my body image meaning I feel sexy and attractive. Other times I feel ugly and flabby. Sometimes I accept myself. *I think I look really hot, but my body feels rather achy because I got hit by a car a few months back. *SOMETIMES SEXY*Either: like to have a good fuck. Or: doing a Jane Fonda workout. *When my body is smaller, I feel sexy and desirable. The joke in our house is that my testosterone level is rising. I also become more predatory and want to ravish any butch boy types immediately

Fat; A label given to people who weigh more than the fashion, entertainment, and health industries say is appropriate.

What type of body do you find yourself mostly attracted to?

*Boyish women, slim to chunky, muscular, and taller than me. *It's not so much the shape and size as the attitude. Strong women, not necessarily physically but strong and confident in whatever size and shape they've got. I don't really find myself attracted to very clean cut fashionable types. *LITTLE FUCKERS *Fellow chunkies. *Tall, strong body, slim womyn *Roundy bodies, big tummies, chunky thighs. I'm self conscious of being tall and small women feel fragile.

Had a lover who is very different sized from you? What was your immediate reaction? How did you feel about being attracted to her?

*Never much smaller and it probably wouldn't happen. Petite women don't do it for me. *When I first saw her after we had fucked I thought, 'o my god, what am I doing with this short, fat, funny looking thing. But I loved her to death and all my lovers since her have been quite meaty, though I've never been with anyone as short again. When I see her now I think she looks skinny. I don't know if it's her that's changed or me. *My present lover is much smaller in height and much larger than me. I found her face attractive, however I was not attracted to her body. I became her lover after a long friendship. It was built on emotional attraction more than sexual or physical. *I've had a lover who was much smaller than me and she felt sometimes like she was going to break if I wasn't controlled about how I was physical with her so it was sometimes inhibiting. I feel freer with larger women.

'Since there is evidence that being fat is related to one's racial or class origins, this is one more way the system acts to grind down the poor.'

What do you call 'fat'?

* Someone's fat when they're beyond chunky. Chunky can be very attractive. Fat is not, to me. *Someone who is well over the average weight for them. *Looseness. Being out of shape. Doesn't have to mean big. *Someone who is big and doesn't want to be. Fat still sounds like a term of abuse to me.

What is your reaction to big women?

*Though I am now much more open to the possibility of big womyn being beautiful, I personally am still attracted to slim womyn. *I think they can be really sexy, especially if they're confident. *NONE*Can I get my arms around her? *I like to feel weighed down when they're fucking me. I like to be pinned down by their body. And because I'm quite big myself I like to be able to get on top and not feel like I'm going to crush them. I like big tits too. *It's got more to do with the shape. I don't like looseness, I like big, solid women. Big. Yeah, maybe what some would call fat.

(Martha Courtot 1982) Amazons, Bluestockings and Crones, a feminist dictionary.

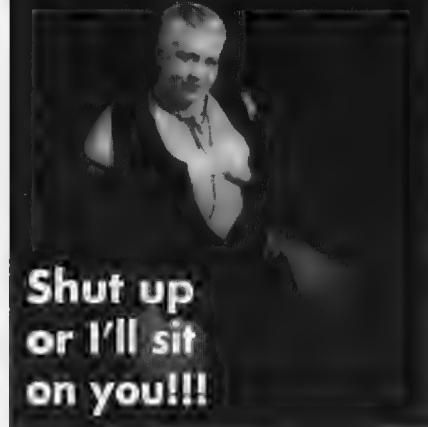


The Beauty Myth by Naomi Woolf

In a nutshell this book says that the diet, cosmetic and fashion industries are conspiring via their advertising and the magazines that depend upon it, to make me feel horrible about my body because then I'll spend millions of pounds on their products. It's a capitalist plot, that's right. More creepily, if they can convince me I'm worthless without an emaciated body and plastic face, I will be too demoralised to see the political reasons for my lowly circumstances. What this has got to do with sex is a lot because the hard-sell on these commodities

makes me think I'll be more fuckable if I starve myself, buy their boring clothes, etc. But quel surprise it's exactly the opposite. With guilt and self-loathing sapping my spirit, I will keep striving for the impossible dream body instead of feeling fab about the one I have. Sexual repression pretending to be sexual power. An old trick. And this got me to realising who are the women I love to love - the ones with handfuls of belly and thigh and oozing with self confidence and the energy that brings. Big hips, big tits and big appetites for sex, love, life and change. **flinty**

Fat Girl



**Shut up
or I'll sit
on you!!!**

song lyrics by
The Buck Tooth Varmints

**You don't see her in the movies,
she's never on TV
The dykes don't even show her
in their magazines
She's the best kept secret gonna
rock your world
Hey are you ready for...
...Fat girl**

**She's a big super hero with a
big attitude
And if you're not careful
She'll be coming after you
She don't hold back,
collective anger unfurl
Are you afraid of...
...Fat girl**

Fat Girl



photos these 2 pages DELLA GRACE



cunts

Like to Lick

*I must say I love it. Pussy juice for me is what only the Gods of like could have created. I totally savour it - licking, sucking, tongue probing, taking the clit in my mouth, taking a gentle but firm hold then furiously moving the tip of my tongue up and down her clit, letting the juices flow then sucking and relishing the juices she offers me again. Tongue licking mouth sucking tongue probing clit throbbing in my mouth both clit and tip of my tongue on fire and that juice...oh, if I could find a way I'd have my mouth stiched to a delicious luscious pussy mmmm.....

*Depends on how much I'm into her. If it was a one night stand, agreed from the start, I wouldn't unless specially requested. How?! With my tongue.

*Sometimes I get a craving to suck on something...that's when I end up licking my lover.

*I love to lick and suck and nibble her clit. I love the game of trying to follow her movements as her pelvis rocks and thrusts.

*I don't really like to. I have a real aversion to the messiness of it. The taste, the smell, the wet, yuk. The exception is when I'm in love and want to taste every bit of her. It's my way of saying I'd do anything for her.

*Whenever possible. I love licking pussy. I'm never more content than when I have an erect clit at the tip of my tongue and pussy juices running down my chin.

*I've become much fussier about oral sex. I won't do it on a first date unless I'm really into her and love her smell. With my lover I need to suck her pussy in order to get into sex in a big way.

Like to be Licked

*Licking is my favourite way to cum. I like a big, soft, flat tongue constantly massaging my clit until I am ready to cum. Then I like it to be light, fast and teasing.

*I do like to have my pussy licked but only occasionally, which is lucky since my lover doesn't like to do it very often. However this is a source of discord deep down because although I don't really want it very often I resent it on one level because I think if she was truly into me she would want to.

*I love to be licked when I'm feeling kinky.

*I love to have someone rub and tickle my clit with her tongue. I love long slow strokes up my labia and I love to feel her tongue exploring my cunt.

*I like to be licked as part of sexual servicing.

*I love getting my cunt licked. The only time in bed I like to lose control is when I am getting a good long hard sucking. If I am happy, you know my bird gives good head.

Positions

*I love her to lower herself over my face and ride baby ride. I pull her cunt up to my face and thrust my tongue deep into the centre of her cunt.

*The top position of 69 is where I like to ride. I could eat her all day and night if given the opportunity. She likes it with a finger up her hole.

*My favourite position in which I rub her clit is with her on her back and me on my back with half my body over hers. I'm on her right side, my left leg goes over her right one and my left arm goes down the middle of her body and my left hand is palm down on her cunt. I usually turn my head to the right, and my right arm and hand do nothing. If she wants to push her knees up and maybe get into fucking again later then I will turn over and lie on top of her between her legs but I hold that off as long as possible.

*There's nothing like the burning of a woman around your hand.

*I like to make her hold herself open with her hands so that I have full access to her clit and I can stroke and suck all of it with my tongue.



Cunt

"In Ancient writings, the word for cunt was synonymous with woman though not in the insulting modern sense"

"From the same root came county, kin, and kind... Other associations are: 'cunabula', a cradle, or earliest abode; 'cunctipotent', all powerful (ie, having cunt magic)"

Cunt has been held to be obscene since about 1700, making it a legal offence to print it in full

From Amazons, Bluestockings and Crones, a feminist dictionary.

Kramarae & Treucgker

Lips and Cunts

*I always learn something about a stranger's cunt when I kiss her. How her lips open and what they feel like, what kind of resistance her tongue and teeth give, what she likes my tongue to do. Maybe being pushy and going deep to the back of her throat is a fist fuck, rolling round the roof and sides of her mouth is using four fingers to open her up on all sides, moving quickly round the tip of her tongue is more clitoral, licking the inside of her lips is teasing or foreplay - and how long she likes that is how long it takes for her to try and draw me in. The rhythm the kiss gets into is often the rhythm of the sex she wants and it usually goes from teasing to deep and pushy with her body up against a wall. Kissing tells me more about what her cunt desires than what it looks like.

*I tend to find a fleshy mouth = a fleshy fanny, thin lips = taut pussy, soft lips = soft flesh, hard lips = tough flesh.

*Don't be ridiculous! But if I don't like someone's mouth I would never get near her cunt unless I was paid a great deal.

*No, but my lover dribbles when she comes. I guess the sensation is too intense to be experienced from one place.

*You know I never would have thought of associating the two, but come to think of it, yes.



photo by JENNIFER GILLMORE

Finding Her Clit

*I rub her clit with the middle finger of either hand, using the forefinger to steady it. I move my fingers up from her cunt, then try not to lose it. I'd like there to be some easy way of restraining her hips - maybe I'll invent something myself. This would stop me losing it (usually when her clit moves up under the flesh of her mound) but I'd find it again sooner.

*I like to find it with my fingers. I like to dip my middle finger into a juicy cunt and run that finger up and between that wetness until I hit that hard little knob and slip right over it and back down again.

*With my wet finger that is wet from her juice (shortly followed by my tongue!).

*I pull her pussy lips up and lick the underside of her clit.

*Slowly, like hidden treasure. First I'll kiss her pussy all over, tickly, light kisses, then I'll give her kisses up and down the crack of her pussy, deep, penetrating kisses. The clit will reveal itself to me and I will give it light, tender kisses. Then I run my tongue from her ass to the tip of her cunt. Her clit finds me, I don't find her clit.

*I find hers with mine, and with mine being quite prominent, when I'm turned on it's easy.

Descriptions

*I don't see the colour or other visuals of a woman's cunt because I don't have sex in bright light. But I like discovering the textures of her hair, mound, outer and inner lips, clit, vagina walls, cervix, asshole. I could describe the taste of a woman like the taste of a wine or the scent of a perfume. Like descriptions of wine or perfume, describing the taste and smell of cunt juice and cum could be an elaborate art.

*Sweet honey, the juice of life. The juices of love. *Vegetarians are sweeter.

*Most women taste salty. Once I was with reminded me of honey and another of kiwi fruit. Acutal skin textures all seem the same to me, it's the size of the clit and inner lips that add the variety.

*It is a highly unusual cunt because it is so incredibly tidy. She has practically no labia lips and a sizable clit. She keeps her bush neat and is most enjoyable to partake of.

*Full, lots of lips, the better to clip you with, my dear.

*Tall, long, fleshy but tough. I want to fill it, feel it wrapped around my fist. I like to reach in to a fleshy world of sex, the taller the cunt the deeper I delve, the deeper I go the more I lose myself on the planes of sex.

*Wet and slippery. There's something about the feel, the taste, the smell of a wet lubricated pussy. It's probably an ego thing. It symbolises that she wants me...now!

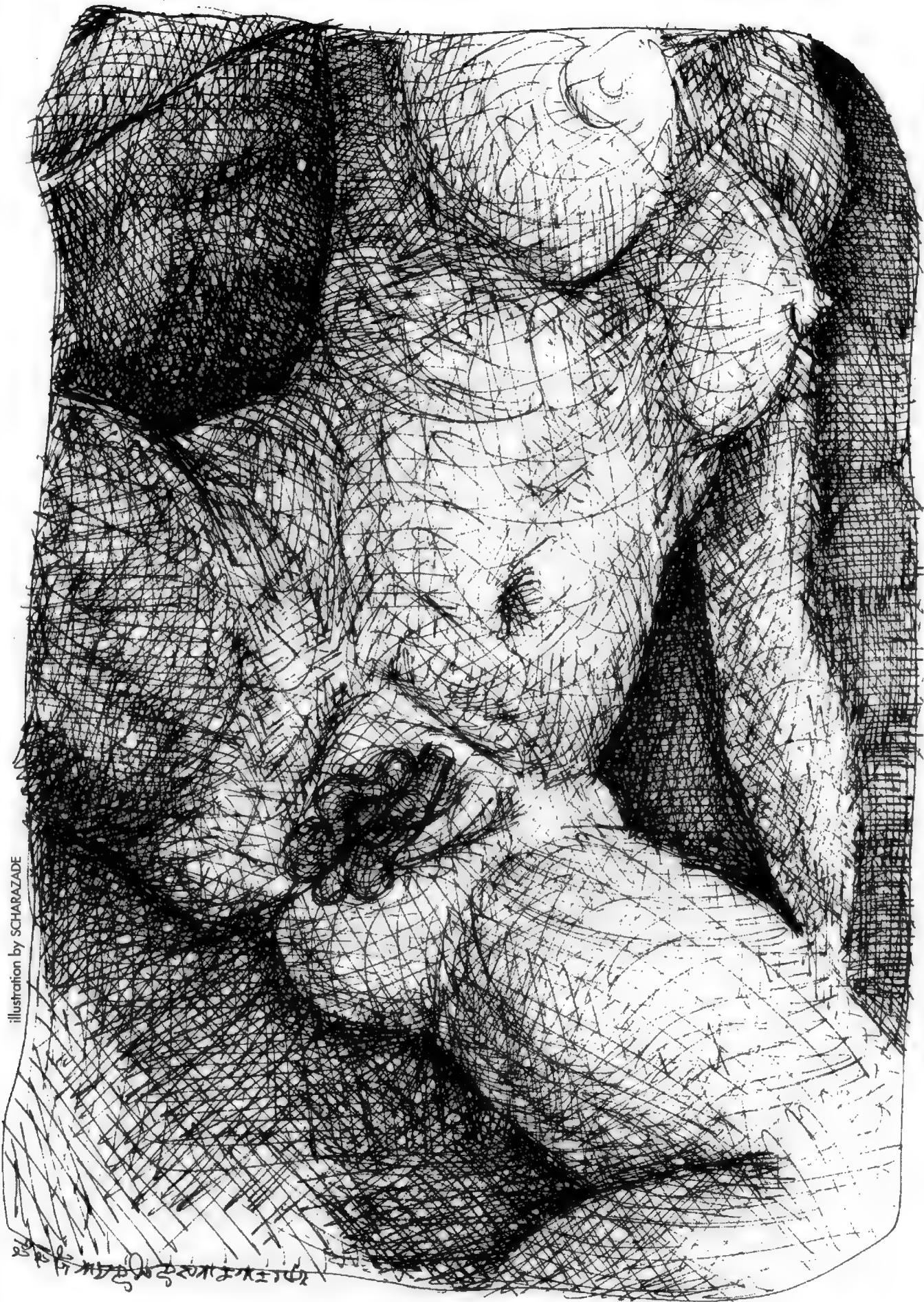


illustration by SCHARAZADE

Quim (Kwim): Woman. All women. n. cunt, vagina, pussy minny. Spanish; 'quamar' to burn. Celtic, cleft, valley. Quim bush, pubic hair. Quimming, fucking.

21ST CENTURY DYKE

**Story
by
Jane
Solanas**

The night they crucified Shorty Shift was spectacular even by the standards of the 66-69 Club's Floor shows. It was not for the faint hearted.

Billy, who was virtually comatose, with only an elbow on the bar keeping her from joining the heap of drug addled dykes at her feet, felt compelled to make a comment,

"This is a bit much, innit?"

Lou, the bar manager, was busy re-filling phials with drugs and counting syringes. It was not her job to have an opinion about anything that occurred in the 66-69 Club, and anyway Lou was on a cocktail of drugs that made emotions redundant.

"Look at it!" Billy bellowed, "they're nailing her fucking hands into wood, for Christ's sake!" Annie Shoemaker slammed a £50 note and some coins onto the bar,

"This music is so loud I can't even hear Shorty



**Photos
by
Alesia
Exum**

screaming. What's the point of a floorshow if you can't hear the pain? Hit me with a heroin-hal-

lucinate, Lou. Leastways I can invent my own soundtrack..."

Billy watched as Lou ripped open a syringe and needled up 'H.H.' from a bottle hidden from the regular customers' sight. Annie Shoemaker's drug habit was legendary. Billy was tempted to remark that it would kill her, but Annie's capacity to withstand toxic levels of drugs was even more legendary. Billy simply watched as Lou skin-popped Annie. There wasn't a useful vein left in Annie's body.

"And your liver is shot to high hell, so stop staring, bug-eyes!" Annie slurred at Billy. She determined to get one insult past Billy before the 'H.H' reached her brain. In 30 seconds Annie would be hallucinating Billy as a venom-spitting hydra and Billy would mean even less to her than



In 30 seconds

Amen's world we

had destination

My life is

very different

happened to Billy

we had been

over easy to her

then she

already did



she already did.

Adele and Suzie, perched halfway down the bar, happened to stop laughing simultaneously after a 20 minute long private joke. Adele sent her glass skidding down the bar to arrive alongside Billy's,

"Stick one in that, you boring old wino!"

Susie, rolling another cigarette crammed with Supa-Grass, shrieked loudly. That's all Suzie ever did, laugh and roll joints. She was very young, very blonde and very beautiful. You could say Suzie lived in a perfect world.

Billy's alcoholic sentimentality was at it's peak. She decided to buy the two teenagers Ultra-Alcohol. It was a good excuse to buy herself one. She hated to see women so young behaving like hippies, rejecting alcohol, violence and kicks for the perpetual laughing gas of synthetic marijuana.

"Give us all an Ultra, Lou. But give them dirty glasses". On another night Lou would have refused, but with Shorty Shift howling on a crucifix and several of her best patrons dressed as Roman soldiers prodding Shorty with spears and, worse, being clapped and hooted along by a known gang of Welsh Nationalist dykes, she could barely see a point in keeping Billy sober. If a glass of Ultra-Alcohol sent Billy spiralling to liquid hell and wanton nihilism, so what? It just meant that Billy would pull her gun inside the club instead of outside. The club would be cleared in record time, with no need of wasting expensive cylinders of riot-gas, and one of Lou's staff could quietly un-nail Shorty before the little bastard went and expired.

So, what cardinal sin had Shorty Shift committed that warranted her being hammered to a pulp in The 66-69 Club - ?

To be Continued...

21ST CENTURY DYKE

second that EMOTION





photography by laurence jaugey-paget



In my home I have a videotape of a piece of film, I know nothing about the film, it was taped accidentally, it looks old, it is black and white and the actress has the glamour look of a 1940's screen goddess.

She reclines on a chaise longue wearing only an expensive silk dressing gown and perfect make-up. To the left of a scene a man paces, he is frantic and he is ranting, but I do not care, he is peripheral to my concern. I am aware of his words only because I've watched this scene so many times:

"You've betrayed me, I'm ruined, don't you see what you've done?" he storms. She is calm, cold.

The camera travels the length of the expensive silk, up her equally silky thigh, over the curve of her body and arrives at her perfect face. Her hand languidly raises a long cigarette to her lush, full mouth, she slowly inhales. Her exhale is no more than a sigh.

"Get out David. You're pathetic." As though her contempt could kill.

She is alone.

She is a cruel bitch of my unstated fantasies and it is now that I enter the frame, except I am not me. I am tall and strong and handsome, my suit fits me too perfectly as if it is a tougher, outer layer of skin. I am the epitome of hardness.

As I enter the room the coolness of her face is dissolved and fear and wanting take its place.

"Oh, it's you, I thought it was David!" are the last words she says.

"Shut up!" it is my voice deepened by desire.

I take her wrists and force her to her feet, she offers no resistance to my invincible grip. My mouth clamps hard on hers and I taste salty blood as she wounds me with her perfect teeth. I rip the gown from her shoulders like tissue paper, it makes no sound as it descends to the floor at her feet.

It is now that she lays back on the chaise as I imagine how it feels to have the stiff cock that I possess only in my fantasy world, enclosed by her enveloping wellness; exquisite friction my objective.

That videotape will never be erased. I have ensured it.

S Luxmore



Every time it happens
it's the first
the last
the only
A leap of faith
Wilfull innocence
Otherwise love isn't worth living
So fuck you with your slicked-back passions
skin-tight
lip-tight
smug seductions
Give me your
uncensored heart
raging cent
ecstatic terrors
give me your masochistic
courage

lola flash

pieces of

the GaY a-z



b is for breast



c is for cunnilingus



u is for upside down

BITCHBOY

by vargus

Sitting at the local gay bar on Avenue A
Sipping on a screaming orgasm
I guess it was around the witching hour
Midnight, my favourite position of the clock
Arms straight up
I was approached by a woman, who had a take-me-away look in her eyes
She offered to buy me another drink
I said, 'Sure, why not'
'Screaming orgasm', I said to the bartender
At that moment, I could tell she was steaming in her V
From the smirk on her face, and the hardness of her nipples
She wanted to share my cab fare home
So I swallowed my drink like a load of come
And escorted her into a cab
Wrapped in all my blackness
Tightly holding my leather doctor's bag
I teased and taunted her body with my eyes
'10th Street', I told the cabby
We made our way into my apartment
Then into my bedroom
I said, 'Do you want a love thing, or just fuck'
By the way she looked, I don't think it really mattered
So she stripped down to her marrow
While I let my clothes drop to the floor
Only wearing my Medusa, 9 inches of black silicone
I reached into my bag, and took out my cuffs
Locking her to the iron-rod post
My saliva automatically dripped down the walls in my mouth
I began to suck her nipples and stroke her clit
Relaxing her totally, while begging for more
At this point her nipples were too erect to pass up clamps
She jolted and moaned a little from the pressure
But by that time my tongue was seducing her walls of nectar
And my hands were palming her tight ass
Tongue fucking her wet pussy, and swallowing her juices
She began to gyrate my face, while I slid my fingers in like a gun
Fucking and banging her g-spot, her fuckhole was ready
Ready to be packed up with my silicone meat
I leaned her head backwards and passionately tongue kissed her
Deep into her mouth, it felt like the tip of my tongue met her tonsils
Spreading KY onto her love canal my head popped cherries
Slow strokes
Deep strokes, our bodies became a mechanical fucking machine
Hearing the steel clank the bedpost, mixed with the moans of sex
Sounding like two alleycats stuck together
Our passion fucked both of us

The Erotic...

...offers a well of replenishing and provocative force to the woman who does not fear its revelation, nor succumb to the belief that sensation is enough..



...is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings. It is an internal sense of satisfaction to which, once we have experienced it, we know we can aspire. For having experienced the fullness of the depth of feeling and recognising its power, in honor and self-respect we can require no less of ourselves...

...is not a question of what we do; it is a question of how acutely and fully we can feel in the doing. Once we know the extent to which we are capable of feeling that sense of satisfaction and completion, we can then observe which of our various life endeavors bring us closest to that fullness.



...is the nurturer or nursemaid of all our deepest knowledge...

...empowers us, becomes a lens through which we scrutinize all aspects of our existence.



...Recognising the power of the erotic within our lives can give us the energy to pursue genuine change within our world, rather than settling for a shift of characters in the same weary drama.

Extracts from *Uses of the Erotic: the Erotic as Power*. *Sister Outsider*, essays and speeches by Audre Lorde



*Women So Empowered
Are Dangerous*

black
women
speak out

Power Dressing

In a way it's a way of saying up yours to anybody who ever said women should look pretty in the clothes they wear rather than, comfortable and practical. On a rubber and plastic level women who aren't into sadomasochism on a political, spiritual, emotional or mental level, may like the clothes or clubs - stuff like that. Maybe they like the association of strength and power. I don't think people who wear these clothes are necessarily linking themselves ideologically with Fascism, it could be seen like that.



Imagine what it would be like for me (bottom) on the inside with me as I am on the outside (BLACK) working it out in some rich (materially rich) WHITE women's house and them havin' it drummed into them daily and from all sides, now from nursery time and through TV and down the line that they, because of they're material position and the colour of they're skin, that they were somehow better than me. Imagine how I'd feel working it out in this situation (tops) We could have been shot for what we did last night.

Me being black, you being white.

Shot or hung we could have been for sharing something from within with someone of a different skin

Way beyond line, way out of control, keep the ball rolling, take a whole and carve thick scar tissue. It's not my sanity, that's not the issue here. The knife fits, stick it in, wearing thin as thin as paper, not as strong, everyone knows it ain't got long, flesh, open, change is on it's way yeah.



There Is No Blame
The Superior Being
Instinctively
Knows Where There Is
Inbalance
And Quickly Works To
Restore
Harmony

The Missionary Position

Our Father
who art in heaven
hallowed be thy genitals
thy kingdom come
thy will be done
in lesbian sex as it is in hetro sex
sell us this day our own tackle
that we may reproduce
the conditions of our substatus adequately
lead us not into litigation
and deliver us from oestrogenic complication
for thine is the anatomy
the power and the glory
for ever and ever
a Man.

So what if she likes it,
when I strap on
She's still a woman,
So what if she likes it,
when I fist her,
She's still a woman,
So what if she likes
it Rough,
She's still a
woman,
So what if
she likes it
that way,
Again and
Again,
She's still a
woman
Who's
made her
choice.

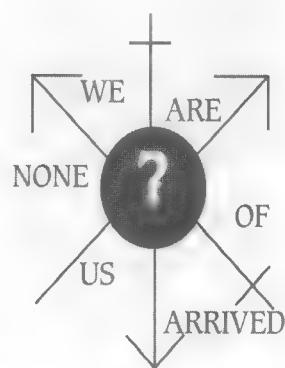
Why
do
gay
men
wear
fake
black
tits?

Penal Sex

(is it a prick? no it's a dick, no it's a dildo)
Or is it that humans no matter who they relate to or how they
do it have to play out at its most intimate level the power
struggle that we as a species are having with the
environment, with the planet. Is it that we are playing out
patriarchy's subordination of nature

Rubber, Leather & Dead Meat

Some Black Dykes seem to think that S&M is a perversion of white
women is that extraordinary? There are a lot of Black
Women thinking that only White Dykes are into this
terrible thing called S&M sex, a perversion in that it's
sick in some way. They don't think being a Lesbian is
sick, they don't think being a White Woman is sick
(within reason!) but they think being an S&M Dyke
is sick. It has to do with power tripping and slavery.
I was talking about trust and exploring trust with
yourself and with another individual and they
were saying it was slave games and that
type of white beyond white
mentality; Men and White shit
wielding the white man's
power over women. The
whole thing of dressing up in
Fascist clothing, DM boots etc,
was white women taking on the role of the man;
White Women with their economic status and all.
The theory goes there has to be a man and the
fear is that S&M Dykes have taken this on.





CARTOON: FISH

Bad Father Figure!

There was this one time when I was Havin' **really bad trips around scenes I'd experienced with my father** and I really needed to be hurt by my lover. I remember one time really **begging them to hurt me**, really hurt me, rape me, beat me, anything. I severely wanted to be damaged. There was this father stuff in this but even though I understood then and understand it now, I still don't feel it's a respectful situation. **Yeah, it was exploitative.** A necessary **at the time**. It was an exploitative exchange maybe when I no longer needed to for **therapeutic reasons**; carried on through a new found emotional wound, or habit, wallowing in past abuses, developing modes of behaviour to justify this, I don't know, maybe it's all part of the process of working through it, **I don't know**, it doesn't promote **healthy love**

(If this meant anything to you see the story Desire in Trouble later on in this issue)

What is SM and does it really matter? Do types of sexual activity really need labelling? Is the labelling constructive or indeed accurate? (views please)

Marquis De Sade,
Sadism,
sexual perversion
characterised
by love of cruelty
to others.
Oxford Handy
Dictionary

The Big Match
Information technology
V
Telepathy!!!!!!!!!!!!

S&M Global warning: Sadistic
Human beats Masochistic land
mass into submission.



Is there more to it than meets the eye, something unsaid, something else a little closer to home? Is the persistent cruelty of our machine seeping into our sex, sifting through our nervous systems so that we can throw back our heads open our legs and cry more as the flesh of our planet is torn asunder and her guts split open\$\$\$\$\$£££££\$\$\$\$\$\$????????!!!!

**Define sado masochism??
Firstly I think it should be
pointed out that both Sade and
Masoch were men\$\$\$\$\$\$**

**Von Sacher Masoch
Masochist, form of
sexual perversion in
which sufferer
derives pleasure from
their own pain or
humiliation,
enjoyment of what
appears to be painful
or tiresome.**
*Oxford Handy
Dictionary*

We must ask ourselves, is the whole question of s/m sex in the lesbian community perhaps being used to draw attention and energies away from other more pressing and immediately life-threatening issues facing us as women in this racist, conservative and repressive period?

EITHER
I'M BLIND DEAF DUMB
STUPID AND A BIGOT
OR ALL THIS
PSEUDOSADOMASOCHISTIC
DISPLAY IS FOLLOWING THE GREAT
PATRIARCHIAL TRADITIONS OF
DOMINANT AND SUBORDINATE
BUTCH AND FEMME HIS AND HERS TOP AND BOTTOM
I THINK
**IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY FINALLY
CAME OUT AS THEMSELVES**

Once upon a time there was a woman, with fingers and a tongue, exploring sensuality at will, as and when her desire led her, so she wondered through encounters, relationships, interludes, step by step, discovering herself along the way, unencumbered by politics as she was, her experience undefined, unrestricted by definition, and she was able therefore to include all aspect of desire and satisfaction in her journeys without guilt or rhetoric. Some how she came to understand that it was necessary to define, in order to identify, so she got a badge, but it wasn't enough, and neither was a haircut. Difficulties ensued as she came to understand more and more the complexities of intimate human relationships. Finally it all ended in counselling, preceded by commonplace interpersonal traumas. Once on the couch she was required to relive and discuss in detail the experiences that had led her to the point of being there. For an hour a week. Thus relieved of her sins she was able to set forth in the world with a clear idea of exactly what it was she wanted, who she was and where she stood in search of a relationship that would provide exactly these things. No doubt, she found one and was unable ever more to taste the fruit of the new, of the dizzying heights of discovery.



JUST DO IT

black
who
speak

**Are you having or
have you ever had
a racially or cultur-
ally mixed sexual relationship? If
so how does/did it effect you?**

I have found myself attracted to many different types of women, which led me to come out as a lesbian, to seek out and be in the company of other lesbian women. There would be the individual woman that I would be sexually attracted to because: maybe she looked good, facially, bodily or in personality, and the reason for the attraction would be one of these, more than one, or all, at the end of the day. This would determine whether, if the attraction was mutual we would end up fucking each other, and not to me the colour of their skin. I have had more sexual encounters with white women than black women, and in my mind, I see no problem with this. I have had hassles from some black women I have rejected who turn around and say I'm just into pork. This hurts to some extent because a person cannot help who they become attracted to and I don't believe I should be drummed to one group, with the same ideas and views and believe religiously that the races shouldn't mix. I feel to be separatist in certain issues can be oppressive in itself, and I can liken it to being in the closet, having to stifle feelings that go against conformity. I feel if I were totally exclusively into black lesbians it would be easy enough to take on the political aspects it may involve without pause for thought. I don't feel I'm any less politically aware of issues concerning race because I have involvements with white women, and I have opportunity to voice my opinion when I need to without

feeling I'm being
oppressed by my
white lover.



PHOTO: JENNIFER GILLMOR



PHOTO: DELIA GRACE



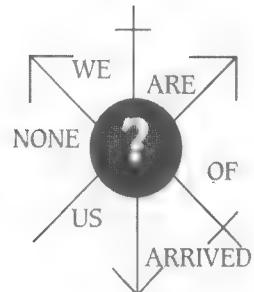
Coal from dead leaves

You get coal from dead leaves don't you
she said as I turned and walked away
I knew she were telling the truth
but I cried anyways
I stepped out into the cold wet night
pretendin' the tears was rain
but the act did nothing
not a bloody thing
to ease the inside pain

When chaos happens, panick hits and order
happens to forget that coal from dead leaves is
the form and tunnel visions nothing new

In a nut shell

**It's a strange rigour
mortis
but it sure set in**



You see there is such a wide gulf between us
blackness and whiteness being the biggest types.

What type are you?

Are you the type that is no type

The type who cannot be categorized.

Or are you the strong type the silent type

The still waters run deep type

No seriously now

I was staring out of the window the other day
Dragging myself down trying to muster enough
gloom and doom to work up a good depression, which is
hard enough god knows with your belly full and
a roof over your head, when it came to me in a

flash the major shit between me and mine
was we weren't sure enough of our types and therefore
hints that we weren't each others.....type

This could be brushed aside in the name of
disacknowledgement, the finger pointed blatantly
in all life experience directions, and we battled
on, blinded by love; the kind that conquers all
including socialisation, class, colour, previous
relational experience and all. The new way. The
first, free to charter previously unchartered areas
in that most speculated on of all human behavioural
characteristics the female sexing the female sexing
the female sex in all its gorl I mean glory.

**You see there is such a
wide gulf between us**





Once upon a time there was a young girl whose beauty was as rich as coal satin as night every morning as soon as she awoke she would run to the mirror and then to the hardest coldest bit of the floor by the window where she would kneel and pray fervently dear god please let me come white



I cannot separate my colour from my sexuality. Racism effects me whether I am male, female, hetero, lesbian, gay. Racism transcends all these differences. Yes, in many ways as a black lesbian/woman. I don't always like being in white only or black only spaces and am always aware of the difficulties between the races affecting my daily life.

What Influence, if any, has your family's culture played in your choice of sexually intimate partners?

I am from mixed race and was brought up until the age of 13 in an all black family in a predominantly black country. The obvious fact that I have caucasian blood in me was not talked about. When I came to Britain I had sexual relationships with boys of all races and then came out as a dyke. Since then I've only had sexually intimate relationships with white women. I'm not sure if this is because subconsciously I am trying to establish an identity with part of myself that was denied me.



Do you feel your race effects your sexual life? If so, how?

I feel as a woman of color my history and day-to-day life effect who I would sleep with, I feel I would not want to go out with a white woman because I would like some areas of my life where racism is an issue or where I go my lover is always welcome. I feel as a black woman, the way I socialize, is a lot to do with my culture. I therefore would not attend a function that does not reflect my experiences. I feel that even though I make no judgement of people of what they do in bed, aspects of SM bother me on an emotional level which I cannot explain. I think it's about learning the history of my people, the truth about slavery, the abuse of power and the mental, emotional spiritual, and physical abuse black people suffered. Chains, whips, etc, bring these feelings up for me.



PHOTO: DIXIE THOMAS

My race used to affect my sexual life in that I got approached by a few women where I felt the distinct impression that they were curious about the myths pertaining to our supposed sexual prowess. I didn't prove or disprove them and I haven't encountered this for awhile.

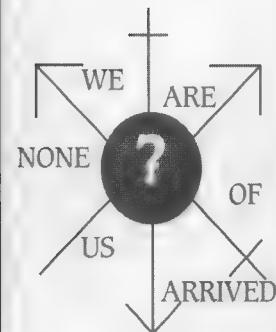
Confessions of A High Yalla Half Breed

I was never what 'they' call pretty
And I always hated blonde girls like you
With smooth skin and pretty eyes
Oh the things I would do to you
When I get the chance
See you writhe in right on gilt
I righteous
Right
Too right
Erotic
She was dark but comely

Are you telling me
That I didn't even cross your mind
Are you telling me
that all you really hope to find
Was just another human

Yeah, I believe you
And that's why
I strangle white girls in the dark

It's made me aware of the fetishising aspects of some sexually intimate relationships I have been involved with. But gradually as I get older or more able to trust my judgements around peoples motives and intentions, I would say my skin colour affects my sexual life less.





PHOTOS: DEJA GRACE



Oh God, the joy of vegetables! Fat
lazy courgettes with swollen heads.
Hard on soft. Speckled green and
cold. Better than any prick. More
like my baby's fist. And weren't
condoms meant for just this? My
pussy is pure vegetarian. But I
want it to be painfully slow. I want
to be teased. so I roll down the
rubber with exaggerated care.
And smile because the sight of it is
ridiculous and still makes me cream.
I think about you. I imagine your
face just above mine and your eyes
dancing wicked. You're so beautiful
baby. So dirty you make my heart
race. And now I'm gone. I can't slow
fuck because every
nerve in my body is
singing. The deeper
the penetration the
more I want. The
harder the fuck, the
more I want. Until I
break and my cunt
melts into cum and
for those few moments

I'm God.

LG



If you were here I'd want to touch you. I'd want to pull your jeans down just below your arse. If you were here I'd tie your hands behind your back. I'd pull your nipples between my teeth. I'd suck until they were deep red and angry. If you were here I'd want to pin your legs open. I'd make you say "Fuck me, please fuck me.". My beautiful filthy baby, I'd cover my hand in spit and pussy juices and open you out like a flower. If you were here my hand would be so far up your cunt you'd want to scream. For the weeks of waiting I'd make you beg.

For the weeks of teasing I'd make you scream. For the weeks of lost sleep I'd make this pleasure as sharp as pain. If you were here with your cunt wrapped around my fist and your clit as hard as a stone I'd push two fingers into your so accommodating arse and suck you off until you squirted cum in my face. If you were here.

LG

It ain't so wrong
my baby likes

pornography. It ain't so wrong she likes to talk dick. It don't mean nuthing bad. Cos this is real. This is sex. And my baby likes it dirty. This ain't a sin. This ain't shame. This is queer. And beautiful. LG

STRANGE



STRANGE
SISTER



PHOTOS BY
DIXIE
THOMAS



PANDORA'S box

'Got a light?' I looked up to see Makita grinning. She waved her cigarette under my nose and repeated the question, 'Ya got a light?' 'Yeah sure' I said. I noticed I felt slightly uneasy. I reached into my jacket and handed her my lighter, her gaze on me was steady as she lit two cigarettes and handed me one and my lighter. I held out my hand for it. She folded her hand around mine and the lighter dug into my flesh. I knew something was going down but I had no idea what. She was staring at me with a fierce intention, not in keeping with the exchange. I knew she wanted something from me so I gave nothing. Withdrawing my hand and lighter with one swift movement, I made to return to my privacy on the dance floor. I closed my eyes, drew on my smoke and began to lose myself in the music.

'What do you want from me?'

'Sorry?'

'What do you want from me, can I get you anything?'

'No, I'm alright, thanks.'

She smiled, 'Are you?'

I became seriously uncomfortable. I felt like I was missing the point in a big way. Who was this women anyway? I knew her by name, I'd seen her around and that was about it. I said, 'What do you want from me, can I get you anything!'

'I thought you'd never ask', came the reply. 'Who you with?'

'I'm with me. You?'

'I'm with me too, you want to walk?'

Why not? I thought. I wasn't that into the music and I had a strong desire to see what was going to happen if I let it. In answer I followed her off the dance floor, out of the club and into the street. I found myself having to run to keep up with Makita's stride which was unusual for me, usually I'm the one in front. We walked for about half an hour in total silence, everything seemed surreal, there was an intensity rising. I watched it but couldn't place it. There was no desire for her, sexual or otherwise, yet my feet just kept following. We arrived at her apartment. At the front door Makita turned to me and smiled. 'If you step over this threshold you do as I bid. Do you understand?' I found myself nodding to the affirmative. I was well interested now, as much by my reactions to the situation as for what this Dyke had in store for me. She opened the door 'Lie down.' She ordered. I did as I was told. She walked over me. I went to get up. 'Stay where you are, you don't move, you don't speak, you don't fart unless it's requested, you understand!' I didn't. I understood what she was saying, but not what I was doing here with this virtual stranger. I didn't even know where I was in relation to the nearest tube. In for a penny in for a pound, I remember thinking. 'Turn onto your back, look at me.' I did so. Her eyes pierced me with their sharp ferocity. She straddled me, pinning my arms down with her legs as she did so. 'You like pain?' 'Not particularly,' I replied. She smiled down at me. As she did so her arm swung back and she brought her hand down hard across my mouth. It stung. My eyes never left hers. Her smile deepened. 'You like pain,' she said. This time it was a statement. Then with more gentleness and loving care than I had ever experienced she began to remove my clothing which she folded into neat piles by the front door. 'Turn over.' I did as I was Ordered. She got up and left the hallway. I could hear her moving around. I heard the sound of running water and momentarily considered making my escape. It occurred to me that I had been left naked by the front door with all my clothes neatly laid out by my side to consider this very option. Something in me stirred. I was in a familiar place but - how? I heard her returning and lay still. Makita had some kind of fabric in her hand which she ran up my legs, over my buttocks and along my spine sending thrill signals through my bodies length.

story by leonora rogers-wright



photos by dixie thomas

Her free hand she brought up under my chin and raised my head pulling it back as far as my straining neck would allow. 'We're going to make you all better,' she said and so saying, she brought the fabric up over my head and covered my eyes with it. I could make out the reddish glow of the light shining through the fabric. I could feel her breath on my ear. 'Sit up and face me.' I heard a flapping sound and then felt a hood pulled over my hair and over the cloth. The reddish glow vanished. I was in complete darkness. To my surprise I noticed where fear should be I felt excitement. 'Come.' I had no alternative but to trust. I allowed my self to be guided through the apartment, my senses were sharp. The thick pile carpet caressed my feet and warm air seemed to be caressing my back. 'Lift your feet up, lean on me, that's right. In we go.' My body was immersed in warm sweetly scented water. Makita began bathing me like I was a baby. Every nook, every cranny with her fingers, firmly but gently till she was satisfied. 'You'll do, out you come, we're going to make you all better,' she repeated. I heard the water draining. I was led into another room and a heavy



I found myself having to run to keep up with Makita's stride, which was unusual for me, usually I'm the one in front. We walked for about half an hour in total silence, everything seemed surreal, there was an intensity rising. I watched it but couldn't place it. There was no desire for her, sexual or otherwise, yet my feet just kept following.

brace was placed around my neck, wrists and ankles. I felt a chain being pulled through the bracelets, my body became hunched as they were locked together. We're both insane, I thought. What am I doing here? Before my brain could summon a reply I found myself being pushed down over something cold and hard. Some kind of metal touched my nipples and tightened over. Then I began to panic and tried to move. thwap I felt the sharp sting of leather across my upper legs and lower buttocks. To my surprise and vague horror I felt my pussy moisten and begin to open. My nipples were by now well and truly clamped, in what device I had no success in imagining. My heart quickened as I became aware of Makita straddling my buttocks, greasing my arse and cunt with some lubricant. My body tingled with pleasure and anticipation, my mind refused to join in, and I became as a schizophrenic. I was listening to this internal power struggle knowing that even if my mind won I was in no position to make my feelings known. I remembered giving my consent before entering the situation and whatever happened to me now I had asked for. Suddenly a pain so excruciating as to be beyond words racked me. It was so strong I could not tell which part of me was sending out the signals. As it subsided I became aware of a pumping in my anus, similar to that of semen from a cock. My cunt was as open as it gets, begging to be part of the action. I felt Makita withdraw from my arse. I guessed it to be her anyway, though I had no real proof. I felt the lips of my labia being parted and pinned back. Then another shock wave of pain (or was it pleasure, my body was confused now and could no longer tell the difference), sharp pain like

stabbing engulfed my clitoris and I felt the build up of tension rising in the pit of my stomach. I knew I was going to come although I didn't want to come in this situation. Another stabbing sensation hit my clit and the tension erupted giving rise to wave upon wave of orgasmic sensation. Never had I experienced anything like this. Never had I dreamed of wanting to experience anything like this. I must be a pervert.

A Masochist at that. Who would have believed it? Obviously Makita had or I wouldn't be here. I felt the clamps being loosened and my nipples released. Another sharp pain, of lesser proportions to those previously felt but perceptible none the less, in each nipple and I was being pulled up into a semi-standing position. I'd completely forgotten the the neck and wrist brace and chains. What was going to happen to me now? I wondered. I felt a loosening of

the chains and began to straighten up I felt the collar and bracelets being removed from my neck, wrists and ankles. I felt my self being lowered onto a cold slab of what felt like marble. My legs and arms were spread and clamped I sensed rather than heard a strange wurring.

Then again a sharp stabbing sound. This time the pain/pleasure so intense I lost consciousness.

When I came to I was back in the hallway, my head was resting on my neatly piled clothes. I lifted my head to look for Makita, she was nowhere to be seen. The inner door to her apartment was closed. I staggered to my feet feeling extremely fuzzed in the brain, my body was stiff and almost numb. Suddenly I caught sight of my nipples. They had been pierced. I looked down to my fanny. It had been pierced.

I bent down and began to get dressed slowly, my back was starting to hurt. I figured I must have been whipped or something. My T shirt stuck to my back. I removed it and decided just to wear my leather. As I did so, I caught sight of my back. From what I could make out through the gore there was a picture, a women's face on a dragons body, with the words snaking round MAKITA'S BABY. I sank to the floor, put my head in my hands and wept. Strange body wracking

sobs escaped me. Finally, my tears spent, I realised Makita had been truthful when she'd said we're going to make you all better now. A strange lightness of being came over me as I opened the door, gently taking one last look at the closed inner door to Makita's apartment, I stepped out into the cold morning air and hailed a cab.

THE BEGINNING.....





"From Aristotle's "Poetica" they took the doctrine that the highest calling of any art is to depict human action in its most exemplary forms..."
(Victor Burgin, *The End of Art Theory*).

GRACE 2



Della Grace Photography



Della Grace Photography

boy meat

by christine taylor

I'm bleeding, I've just come from the country. I'm dressed up like a West End girl - strapped in, lipsticked, white fishnets to cover bramble-scratched legs. I'm as horny as hell and the club has just closed. The sidewalk is littered with fags, a friend of a fag walks over to me and offers his pound of flesh.

I accept.

Tit for tat.

Dick for clit, what the fuck, Saturday night in the West End.

On the way back to his warehouse we see a fire. Sign number one: don't go home with this homo, you're going to get burned.

Cut to the chase. We're in an empty warehouse with no lights. I can't find the door or the furniture. There's nothing. Nothing except a lot of blood and latex.

This white boy smells the kill. And wimps out. Throwing in the confession he's not a homo only a horny honky who fears my blood. So starts the White-Boy-Straight-Man-Ass-Run-From-My-Blood-Blues.

O.K. I have dragged my bleeding pussy from the country to the city. My feet on the dance floor feeling no pain. I am bleeding. Bleeding for your sins. Bleeding all over the white settee in your lovely West End discoteque.

With whole honour I have taken your pound of flesh, as an offering to the Great Bloody Horned Goddess to whom I worship tonight. And you, Boy Meat, with your gothic cross tight around your neck, a man who takes me as an alternative to your girlfriend. A new dish to supplement your staple diet of young, all-over body tan, straight-girls, dick-tassels who fuck your muscular body.

I too, have muscles.

I know how to fuck a woman.

I do not fear fucking where there is blood.

My hand painted red from plunging deep into my own familiar cunt. You are a lamb to the slaughter. A wounded deer, fearful and stumbling in the wooded night. I raise my hand above your head. Come, let me anoint you. Draw your face closer to the wisdom you have never known. Run back to your tribe of circle jerks, your face covered in blood and tell them the story of mad women who fuck women, who tied you up until you cried heterosexual uncle. Run, white boy, run. Every dog must have a bone, every straight boy a girl of his own. What dark cloud lay over your soul tonight? Like a vegetarian caught with chili dog in hand, you young man have turned a stone to find a snake. Kundilini, bloodied, coiled, cocked jaws, head back, ready to jolt. Spitting venom into the darkness of your warehouse, so far from the forest where you might find the root, the bark, leaf, ointment to rub into my bite.

How far you have wandered from your mother's womb.

I snatch my nipple from your mouth, unworthy of this comfort.

After the amazons and warriors who crawled from my crack finish their rant, my uterus fell asleep inside. I calmly collected my latex and weapons, called myself a taxi, and found the door. I said my last goodnight to frightened boy-meat. The city streetlight streamed in the door, his pupils were pierced by this light. He looked like a boy scout who failed his first badge. I looked around the empty warehouse, only a small carpet on the concrete floors to sleep, and felt sorry for my brother.



photo by SARA LEIGH LEWIS



photo by MICHELE HICKSON

I want to FUCK a gay man silly. Bend him over and shove it in him hard. I want him to tell me to stop and I will ignore him. I like to watch boys fuck each other. Going to mixed gay parties and watching the boys do each other. Boys for me are very emotional and not very sexual. Men hold no fascination for me. I have slept with one man in 9 years. In my head it is more often. I want to watch my girlfriend getting fucked. I want to lay under her with him on top fucking her. I want to feel her squirm. I've fucked with both boys and men in the past. I'm not currently fucking with men or boys except in my head but I seem to flirt with everyone these days. Seducing my best male friend and involving my girlfriend. He fancies us in our leather. Being fucked by an older stranger with a large fleshy pink dildo instead of his dick! I took part in an s/m scene with a man. I was the slave and I totally enjoyed it. I was made to crawl, drink out of a bowl. He used a whip and crop on me. Sometimes I turn the woman fucking me into a man. The man always fucks from behind and keeps most of his clothes on. They're only there for a few seconds because by that time I'm coming. My fantasies with men are usually about me having a dick too. I love thinking about fucking a guy and holding on to his stiff dick as I thrust my dick back and forth so goes my hands on his dick. Also about rape. I know it's bad but it's my favourite. I've lost count over the amount of times I've wanked over thinking about raping a man. In my head I get fucked and generally abused by men but I can't see them...it's just parts of the body and shadowy figures. These are fantasies I often get off on, but I don't sleep with men in reality. I fantasize a lot about encounters with leather queens but they often metamorphasise into women or women with dicks somewhere along the line. I fantasise about fucking with an older man, somebody like Dirk Bogart who I had a real obsession with from very early on. I think he's really perverse.

SEX TOY BOYS

Do you sleep with boys or men? In your head or in your bed? Tell us your fantasies.

fantasies



photo by DELA GRACE

Describe your 'type'

types

I want a big muscular leather man. Bushy mustache. A cap, body harness, chaps and boots. **Muscular, tight ass, long dark hair.** For a real fuck, men I perceive as being like myself. Dark, lean, playful. Fantasy - rich, powerful daddy type who will spoil me but keep me under a firm hand. or the sleazy raincoat flasher type. That scares me. I don't think I could be bothered to have one. I

find different men sexy for different reasons; usually dark, physically fit, possibly who have slept with men, want to be dominated, make me laugh. Celebrity types include: Daniel Day-Lewis, Jean Claude Van Damme, Denzel Washington, John Malkovich. **Two types. Fit solid hairless black body. Tall solid big dick white boy. Important both must be extremely cute.** My type is wild and varied, but I usually prefer tall, hairless men. The balder the better. I am also an unabashed size queen. I like long, thick firmly erect dicks. I like a nice muscular torso, but not over developed. Pretty boys. **My 'type' is very much an androgynous boy type, butch dyke really. He is about 40ish, dark, and very perverted.** Anything that turns me on.

How do you see yourself in the situation?

your situation

In total control. Getting fucked, basically. A complete animal really - its a totally unreal situation where I'm receiving total service and pleasure. Completely at his mercy. A very dominant dyke. A bit of a tom-boy slut. Sometimes I am taking them as a dyke would fuck a boy and sometimes I can be a little girl. As a dominatrix. Dominant.



Do you want your fantasies to be reality?

fantasy/reality

I get an urge sometimes for something hard that isn't detachable. A dick that knows when it's slipped out, I don't have to be in control of it all the time. Then I look at boys as a large sex toy which I can just use and throw away. They're much more fun and experimental in my head. I can be in total control. Not particularly. I tend to wank over fantasies - once I come the fantasy stops. I rarely fantasize about men, only about

their dicks. If I slept with a man again I'd gag him and blindfold him and take more control, force him to put more of himself into it. But I don't think I can be bothered. When I feel the urge I satisfy it every now and then. I feel the urge to get fucked, just fucked, no emotions, no conversation, just FUCKED. Men are so easy for this. I go out, pick one up, go back to his place, take my clothes off, lay on my back (no kissing) and get fucked. When it's over I get dressed and off I go. No phone number, no address, just a dirty feeling that I've been fucked! **Sometimes I want to make a fantasy come true but most times I know I would never want them to happen in reality.** When I was a horny teenage girl I had a fantasy of fucking truck drivers with bit rigs. So I hitch-hiked a lot with truckers across the USA. The vibrations of the engines combined with the sense of superiority being so high up always turned me on. And since every trucker who ever picked me up tried it on (with a 50-50 success ratio) I had many opportunities to make my fantasies come true. I'm not interested in making the fantasies reality. I'm not prepared to give men any more power over me than they already have in life generally. Possibly if the price was right.

What is it about boys/men that turns you on?

turn ons

It seems terribly perverted to me. A really nasty, dirty thing to do. **Being in control.** It would be simply for my pleasure (or to see if they could provide it more to the point). It doesn't turn me on, it's just dirty and it kind of answers my mental question everytime. Which is yes, I'm a lesbian. I like to fuck and be in control. I don't like getting fucked and losing control. **Cock.** On top, dominant and a bit faggy. Their reputation for going on and on. With men I am on the bottom and that is my fantasy. Fucking men is like being subtlety topped. Nothing in real life about men turns me on, just their 'butchness' if they're pretty. Dicks maybe, but they're attached to men.



Does the reality live up to the fantasy?

reality = fantasy

In 12 years I've twice slept with men. It was more fun than it had been when I was 'straight' because I have more sexual confidence. But at the end of the day it's not really satisfying. Only indulged once in the past and no, it didn't. It made me feel like shit the next day. About eight years ago I wanted to fuck with a man. Having been living a thoroughly entrenched lesbian lifestyle I didn't have a clue

how to go about picking a man up. So I joined an escort agency in San Francisco. (I must mention that I was between girlfriends and quite broke.) My fantasy of being a wanton whore was satisfied. The first two men I fucked were just the ticket. I was well paid, enjoyed myself and I'm pretty sure I had an orgasm with both of them. The third and last trick turned into a nightmare. He was a coke head, thought I brought the narcotics, had a gun and was generally unpleasant. I survived and managed to remove myself. I decided I'd satisfied my curiosity about men for the time being. No. I forgot how bloody easy they were. I doubt very much the reality could live up to the fantasy. The problem is meeting the man who would fulfill these fantasies. I haven't yet. Yes, in most cases with men you can make the reality live up to the fantasy as long as you are in control. I last slept with a man two years ago and again two years before that. I was very aware of the fact that they were anxious to 'perform' and couldn't leave their anxiety behind. With these men I got drawn into reassuring them and telling them how good it was, when really it was just indifferent. I'd never talk crap like that to a woman. I've met women who were shy, scared, whatever, but never one who measures herself sexually against some standard I don't know about. Some yes, some no. The rape - now cuz I know it's wrong and I know you can have rape with consent. But it's not the same. My fantasy with boys is about real rape. Without consent. Some straight men tied to chairs, gagged but watching me fuck a woman into total oblivion, showing them what I can do to them which they can not.

how can you be a lesbian and sleep with boys?

call yourself a lesbian

I hardly ever actually slept with them. Of course you can and many of us do. Having sex with men is a diversion I allow myself every 6-8 years. They become more exciting by being forbidden. I am a lesbian because of the people I choose to live my life with. Occasionally fucking a man doesn't change that. I don't, I call myself bisexual. My lesbianism means that I am only physically, mentally and emotionally attracted to women. Though I have had good one-off sex with men in the past, that's as far as it goes. As far as sexual relationships go they don't feature. The few occasions I have done it I have had no problem dealing with it at all. I know I'm a dyke - and one of the benefits of being a dyke is having the choice and occasion to do what the hell you like. If I want to shag a bloke then I will (if nothing else to remind me why I never really wanted to sleep with them in the first place!) If I was interested enough to commit myself to getting good sex with men, there'd come a point when I'd call myself bi-sexual. Anything I engage and put myself into is something to be proud of, so I'd be proud to call myself bi-sexual. But I don't feel proud of what I have ever felt or done with men in bed, so the label doesn't apply. Easy. I am a lesbian and I sleep with guys every once in a while. Which I know many dykes do but they're just too scared to admit thinking that women will see them in a different light. Most dykes get the 7 year itch even when they don't admit it to themselves. I can't see a way of sleeping with a man/men on a regular basis and calling yourself a lesbian. Easy. I can fall in love with women in a matter of minutes. I have never fallen for a man in the same way.



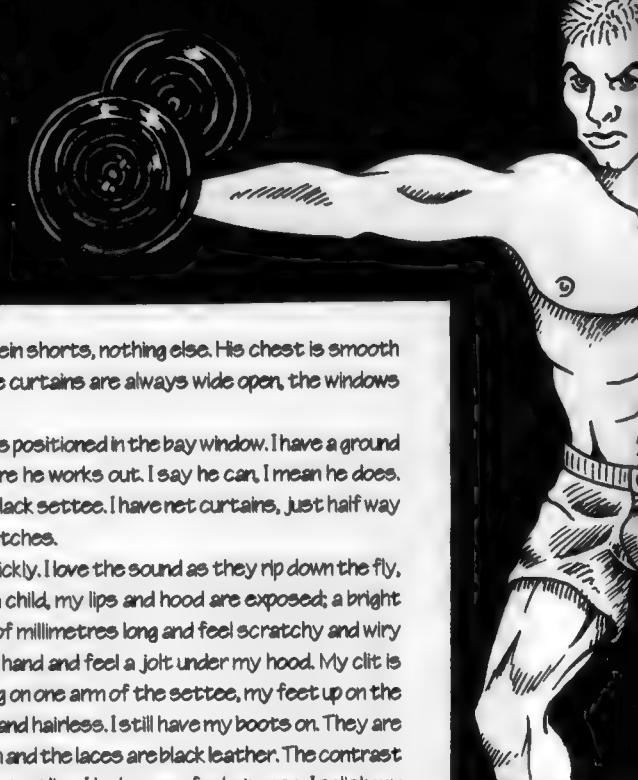
Fags & Dykes

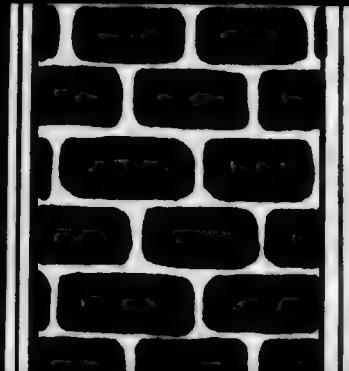
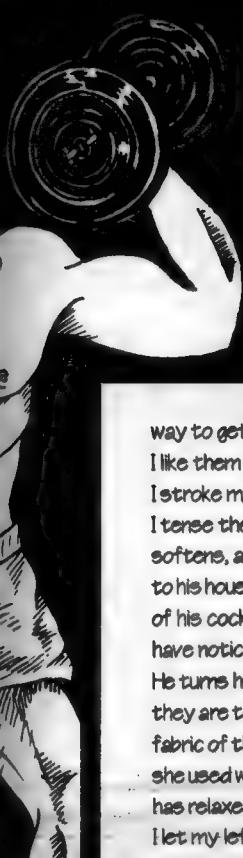
The faggot who lives opposite me works out every day, in Calvin Klein shorts, nothing else. His chest is smooth and taut. He has a huge cock. He is tanned and greased always. The curtains are always wide open, the windows clear and large. I see everything. But I am not a voyeur. He is.

My settee is black and wide. It is soft, comfortable and relaxing. It is positioned in the bay window. I have a ground floor flat. He can see into the room from his upstairs window where he works out. I say he can, I mean he does. All the time. He works his muscles with both eyes focussed on my black settee. I have net curtains, just half way up the window. Passers by cannot see in. I am semi-secret. He watches.

I wear denim shorts, Levi button holes which pop open easily and quickly. I love the sound as they rip down the fly, and I feel the cool air brush my shaved mound. I am smooth like a child, my lips and hood are exposed; a bright pink line of flesh sweeping down to my arse. The hairs are a couple of millimetres long and feel scratchy and wiry when brushed the wrong way. I smooth them down with my right hand and feel a jolt under my hood. My clit is awake. I can almost hear it whispering to me. I have my head resting on one arm of the settee, my feet up on the other. My thighs rub together. My legs are thin and muscular, pale and hairless. I still have my boots on. They are oxblood Dr. martens, shined like a mirror. They are smooth to touch and the laces are black leather. The contrast of the blood colour of the boots to the white of my legs is quite startling. I look mean, feel at ease. I polish my boots often, and it is like wanking. I polish women's boots not as often as I wish, and it frequently brings me to orgasm. I like to shine them with my tongue, stripped down to the leather they are delicious.

These thoughts tease through my brain. I feel my nipples harden. I don't touch them. I never touch my own nipples, apart from bathing. Then I wash them clean and red. They are always semi-erect, always pushing against my t-shirts or shirts. Rubber flattens them sometimes, but even then they have a





way to get themselves noticed. They are persistent in their desire to stand. They seem to have a mind of their own. I like them to be tortured to bring them under control.

I stroke my stomach with my left hand. It is flat and has near transparent downy hair around the navel. As I touch it I tense the muscles and relax them to feel the different ripples and waves this creates. The pink flesh hardens and softens, and I feel warmth between my legs. My shorts are still to my waist, just the buttons are undone. I look over to his house. He is working out again. His shorts are grey and tight around his arse and crotch. I can see the dark outlines of his cock down his left thigh. His eyes are on me. He is slightly embarrassed and tries to look away when he sees I have noticed him. He can't. This is a game we play. It doesn't usually last very long.

He turns his back to the window, pretends to exercise. His back is hard like a cliff face. I ease my shorts to my knees, they are too restrictive so I push them to my ankles. I am restrained like this. My ankles tied together with denim. The fabric of the settee against my arse is soothing. My arse is black with bruises from a couple of days before. The crop she used was mean and solid, it ate into my skin from the first gentle tap onwards. I am no longer stiff with it, my arse has relaxed into the secondary pain of healing. The muscles in my back are heavy and relaxed and I sink into the cushions. I let my left hand edge towards my cunt, gently. I dip into myself and feel the heat and wetness. My juices are thick and white because of the time of my menstrual cycle. They taste sweet. I bring my hand to my mouth and suck my finger. I could eat myself dry sometimes because of that sugar sweet taste on my tongue. I look up past the curtain. He has turned to face me. His thick hand is resting on his left thigh, so close to his cock it is excruciating, for me and for him. I love this time. This time of waiting, this time of anticipation.

I can feel myself getting wetter. I can feel the wet patch on the settee beneath me and for a split second I'm back to normality as I am worried about the reaction of my flatmate. 'Not again' she'll say, reaching for the furniture cleaner.

ART © SPUNKY 1993





SEX WORK

I always had a fascination with hookers. I used to make my mother drive down the streets where whores worked when I was little. I read any book

I could find on the subject. I thought you had to have a pimp to work or you would get sort of kidnapped by one. So I spent my

teenage years trying to find a guy who I could like and who wouldn't beat me and take my money. Seriously, I planned this for years! When I was 19 I met the one and only serious boyfriend I've ever had. When I met him his mother was dying so he was working a straight job to please her. But when she died he went back to his old ways of dealing and having girls and I had to decide to go with him or not. I did. My first time I went out with his other girlfriend and when I made more money talking to a guy at the bar than she did giving a blow job, I figured I could handle it on my own. Being at a party. My friend told me about him. She pointed out these guys and said that if I gave him a hand job he'd pay me. It was a piece of piss. And the next day I went out on the street with this friend. I took to it like a duck to water. It was exciting. The danger, sometimes there were scary situations. I buzzed off that, I was young, I felt like nobody could hurt me. I liked it cuz every night, getting into every different car, I'd be another person. They don't know, they believe you.

Peep shows which was easy and fun because we were all dykes doing lesbian shows and we used to have a laugh together, faking orgasms, pretending to fuck each other, cracking whips and making the punters jump in their seats. The downside was it was really seedy and on slow days extremely boring. Then a friend asked me to go out to the hotel bars with her to do lesbian shows. I was nervous but we had such fun sitting in the bath together, transforming ourselves from ragamuffin dykes into glamour pussies that it was like getting ready for a performance - a mixture of nerves and excitement. She said 'don't have sex with them if you don't want to but remember it won't touch the sides'. I'm poor now but there was a few years during my childhood when I spent quite a lot of time in fancy hotels so I had no qualms about strutting into the lobby like I owned the place. The doormen knew exactly what was going down but he just smiled. We got interest right away and I couldn't believe you could make so much money so easily. I had a boyfriend with some money and I was broke. He paid an amount into my bank account regularly in return for sex. Bar work too. I went on the game six years ago. I worked for an agency. My first job was with two business men - I wouldn't go to two men now. I was on the dole. I had tried other jobs - none paid enough to live on. All were long hours and bad working conditions. I wanted to do something else with my time and life apart from a shit job.

I had worked as a barmaid for several years and consider this as 'sex work'. I went on the game when I was 24. A friend fixed me up with a reliable easy client. I did it for the money. It was the only way I could earn quite a lot in such a short time.

In a massage parlour. First client was massage and full sex - he was experienced as a client and straightforward. I started because I was on Income Support, supplementing it with cleaning jobs at £1.50 an hour. I have 3 kids.

Peepshow in Soho, lingerie modelling. I did it to get money.

It's a feminist cliche that women are divided into virgins and whores, and set against each other. There is no mention in anti-porn rhetoric of how much the hatred voiced by "respectable" women puts the slut in danger, how much "nice" women's jealousy and fear of being identified with her isolates the slut and makes it possible for her to be exploited and abused.

Pat Califia in the introduction to *Macha Sluts*

what kind?

Agen-
cies,
streets
and peep
shows. I pre-
fer the streets.

Cuz you are your
own boss. When you
go to work you always
come back with money.
And you can stop when
you want. I feel safe on
the streets. It's what I'm
used to.

*Agencies. I like someone
to know where I am. I like
to be home and comfortable till
I have to take a call. I've worked
the streets very little, don't like the
money. I've picked up in bars, I
don't like the risk of getting busted.
I've never done stripping or shows.
That would be giving too much of
myself away. I like to control who
sees me.*

**Peep shows, lingerie & private
shows, vibrator show, hostessing,
stripping and lesbian show.**

I've done lesbian peep shows but I
prefer working the hotel bars be-
cause you can hang out and drink
while you're waiting for interest. The
trouble with that is it's pot luck and it's
very depressing leaving the bar without
having worked and wasting time and
money in the bar. I haven't worked the
street because I don't feel comfortable
doing that.

*I work for an agency and now I advertise
independently as a masseuse. I tried strip-
ping and it was too long hours, too hard
work for the money. Agency work and
advertising as I do means I can be at home
while I'm waiting for a job. It's safer and
more anonymous than the street.*

**I've mainly done escort work. I looked at
stripping when I couldn't face the physical
contact but never did it because the money
was so little. I have done jobs with other
girls but never with lovers. I've worked on
my own and for agencies. Alone is better.**

I've worked in parlours, in a flat on my own
and now I visit men in their homes - which
gives me the most control over how much I
have to work so is the best. If I don't want
to go out I don't have to.

how often?

*On and off. I
don't like to be depend-
ent on the money because then I
push myself to do things that perhaps con-
flict with my instincts about a punter. I
remember going out one night to earn the
phone money because I was going to be cut
off the next day and it made me take less
money - I didn't feel good about that.*

*I felt like I was working for BT
instead of myself. The panic of
poverty!*

*I used to work 3 nights a
week, now I work less -
I don't do any other
waged work.*

*I work infrequently and
for different periods of time
depending on what turns
up and how much money I
need, offset against whether I
can handle it. It is my main
source of income but I have
done other one-off jobs also in
between.*

*Once or twice a week, sometimes
only once a month. I don't earn
money any other way, am still on
Income Support. It is my main means
of earning.*

*I don't do sex work now. It got virtually
impossible to make money through 'no
physical contact' sex work which was
my rule.*

*At the moment, not hardly. I take
breaks. During the time I was with my
last lover I didn't whore. I did peep
shows. But no fucking. Its my only
means of earning money. That and the
government.*

ever get turned on?



Yeah, I loved it. I got paid for an orgasm. It was a blow job from my sugar daddie. I've come. When I was younger (and straight) I thought I wasn't supposed to and felt really horrible for it. But when I started work again a while ago I decided to try and see if I could come with a customer. I figure that sex is for my enjoyment and why shouldn't I get paid for it as well. And I wanted to see if I could come with a man. I did. It was great cuz there was something really naughty about it, coming with a trick.

When I was working with my girlfriend and once with another woman. We did 8 hours of lesbian shows, didn't hardly know each other before and I hadn't had sex with a woman for a long time.

Purely mechanical. Sometimes I cum but it has nothing to do with the punter. I am totally disconnected from him. My mind is only on what I have to do to get this over with, what the time is, what I need to do when I get home, what should I cook for dinner etc. I don't care if I cum altho I would never let them know. I think I may as well get something out of this unpleasant experience. I fake orgasms with them but I'm no good at it and usually can't be bothered.

The first job was very exciting - I just thought it was great to be getting this much money so quickly. Other times I focus on myself because it makes it easier physically to have sex. I feel fine about it - the clients mean nothing to me so it's like masturbating.

I've never had this happen.

I had this really sweet, young boy who'd been set up by his brothers. He was smaller than me too and it made me feel very safe and maternal. I put him in the bath, bathed him, etc. When we started having sex he suddenly changed from being innocent and nervous to being this confident, quite imaginative sex partner. I let myself get into it and found to my amazement that I was believing this was a real sexual encounter and enjoying it.

I went into this house. A penthouse apartment in Eaton Sq. I was so taken aback by the beauty, the richness of this place. I took on a persona of a young inexperienced girl. He loved it. He dressed me up and took me to a posh restaurant and taught me how to eat caviar.

A couple who I saw twice. The first time the husband called and wanted me to bring a boy along as well. I couldn't find one so I brought my strap on along and fucked him up the arse. A week later she called and I went to see them again. It was really sad cuz each of them thought they were doing something to please the other and neither one of them was really into it. They obviously loved each other very much but were having some major lack of communication.

An experience that was interesting but not enjoyable in the least was doing a scat scene with a friend for this punter who wanted to be humiliated with his shit. He was really slimy and repressed. It made me queasy for days and put me off working for quite a long time.

Meeting brilliant women. Being involved in a strike in Soho. Forty or more girls who worked went on strike due to wage cuts, must have been the first ever.

Exciting and enjoyable when I get £200 and they've finished after 20 minutes. I'm ecstatic. Interesting - I always talk to the punters if they want and I find most people interesting for 1/2 hour. There is always something about them I find interesting even if its amazement that someone can go through life being so boring, or arrogant or narrow minded, etc.

I once went to Switzerland to see a client. He was very wealthy - paid for me to stay on my own in a 5 star hotel. It was fascinating to see how the rich live and I enjoyed being treated to nice things. I've never had rich friends and it is an education to see what is possible. Seeing wealthy clients has demystified a big section of life which used to intimidate me. When you see someone blow £200 at a casino in a few minutes it gives you a different perspective. They're mostly boring.

unusual times?

One lover was worried but I reckon she got off on it. She'd be waiting for me when I got in. Another lover was jealous. My first lover was turned on by it. I went to work the night before Pride so I could buy us new outfits. A couple of other lovers were sort of in awe of it, probably cuz they would never do it themselves. I asked one girlfriend why she wouldn't go down on me and she said it's cuz of my work (as if I'd fucked them without a durex).

Only turned on by the money.

My girlfriend was working already when I started, we did it together. She was brilliant. A later girlfriend was worried and not very supportive. She didn't understand it at all.

They have been protective on the whole. I don't think it turns them on. It's just work.

My lover worries but takes part in the security procedures which are a protection not only for me but for her.

My first lesbian relationship said she didn't have a problem with it but she kept me from working all the time. Then the one time I went to work she was having a fit about it by the time I got home. My current lover has sort of stopped me from the bits I'd been doing lately. These macho butches, they love having a bad girl for a girlfriend, as long as you're well behaved while you are with them. She gets into the idea of it though. She makes me tell her little stories about it which turn her on.

My lover thinks I glamourise working but apart from that she's uncritical. She likes to drive me to and from jobs and sometimes we work together. Mostly she laughs about it and of course wants to know every detail.

lovers?

work with lovers/friends?

It's fine. I just kind of take over. I get butch. In a nice way. They are always nervous, I'm not.

Work with friends and lovers has been great.

It's okay for the company when doing bar work. I'm really not to keen on turning tricks with friends. I don't like them to see that side of me. And I don't like to do 'lesbian' stuff with punters, even if its fake, it's too close for me. The only time it's been good was with an ex-lover - it was an excuse for us to fuck, we had a great time and we would laugh about getting paid for it.

I've worked with my lover and to start with we had a great time. She's a good talker so she would keep them entertained and I'd fuck them. Then it got a bit peculiar - we'd have real, not simulated, sex in front of them at a point in our relationship when it was really charged. We'd have moments of volatile intimacy which we needed to be on our own to see through, and couldn't because of the punter. Or we'd do something sexual for their benefit which wasn't what we'd do if we were on our own and that felt dangerous. We stopped doing it after a while. Also I had a private fear, which, although probably unfounded, made me uneasy all the same, that she wouldn't find me sexy unless I was tarting it up for the punters.

Not a turn on. Fun. It's sometimes harder because I feel protective of them - make sure they get the money and don't have to stay too long, etc. I would like to work with my girlfriend but the opportunity hasn't arisen.

It was fun and reassuring to have someone else in the room. It never turned me on. I felt more powerful in relation to the client. But I wouldn't work with anyone I thought would undermine me.

I've worked with friends. It is fun but you can only do it with clients you know well as otherwise you lay yourself open to being busted by the police for running a brothel.

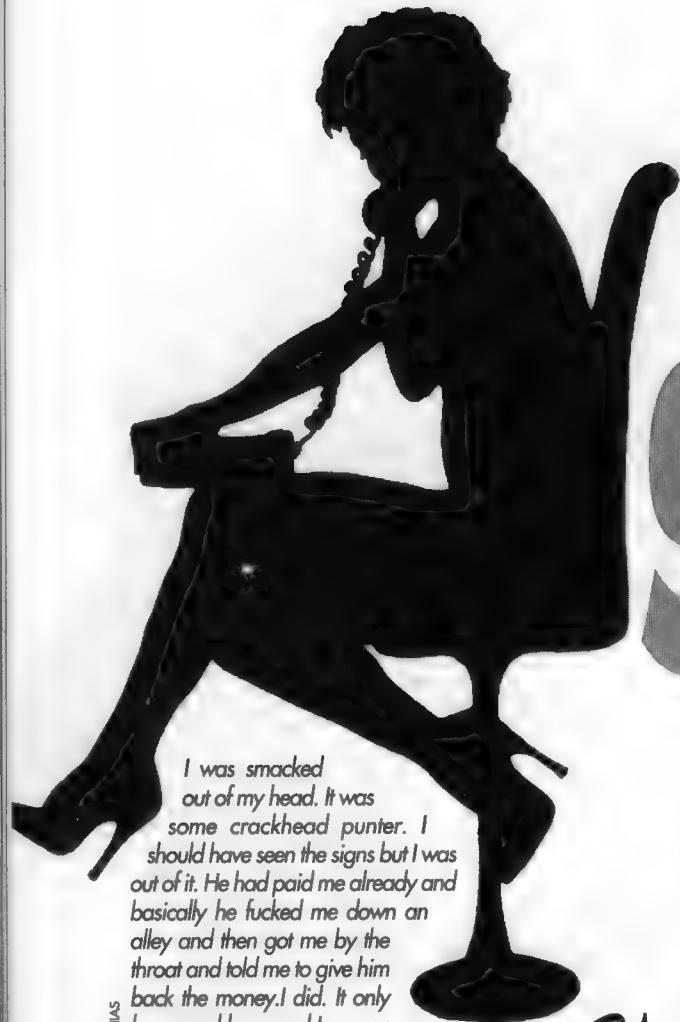


ILLUSTRATION: HELEN MATIAS

I was smacked out of my head. It was some crackhead punter. I should have seen the signs but I was out of it. He had paid me already and basically he fucked me down an alley and then got me by the throat and told me to give him back the money. I did. It only happened because I was on smack.

I had a call and I didn't like the sound of the guy. My booker talked me into it. When I got there and called in, got my money, etc., the guy handed me an old, yucky dress to put on. I immediately went on guard cuz he obviously had a thing about whoevers dress this was. When it was time to leave, he tried to keep me there. I got him on the phone with my booker and made a mad dash for the door. I got out but he was right behind me, so I ran up the street, leaving my (friends) car behind. I went up the road and lost him. When I came back he had slashed my tires, the interior of the car and spray painted all over it, bitch, slut, whore, etc. I tried to call the police, but all they were interested in was what agency I was from. My agency did absolutely nothing and I quit working for them after that.

So far, so good - I haven't been working long. I've had several men get me inside their flat and then try to lock me in or block the door. As soon as I feel them more like that I'm planning to get out. I try to sweet talk them, make myself too expensive, etc., say we're not suited and all times I've got out. A guy also tried to get me into his car.

I once had a fight with a client when I didn't get the payment before sex and he tried to give me less than he'd agreed. Eventually I decided to leave for safety and ran out. I would not do that again! It was a rip-off. Being thrown out of a hotel when they realised I was a hooker.

dangerous encounter

SAX SEX SEX work

safety?

I'm an actress. It's work, it's money, it doesn't affect me. I have control over what I'm doing and what is being done to me. The less you work the more you make. That's what I like about the street. I work when I want to, when I feel safe.

I try to trust my instinct. I'll talk to the guys over the phone and get a feel for them. Sometimes my agency would pressure me into a call I didn't think was good. I was usually right. Someone always knows where I am and I call every hour that I'm there. I always totally check out the house or flat when I first walk in. I trust myself to go completely lunatic if anyone tries any shit with me. It's happened. The hardest part is emotionally. It really does wear you out. Even if the work is physically easy, you have to always be aware, always alert to the slightest change of mood, the atmosphere, cuz it's when your guard is down, when you miss the slightest sign, that shit happens.

Only worked in clubs with doormen/managers who I trusted. Well, as much as you can trust men in the sex industry.

I have to feel ready for anything, totally alert and looking wonderful or I go out feeling insecure and I don't trust myself not to misread someone or put myself in dodgy situations. I think there's such a thing as volunteering to be a victim. I'm quite self-aware about the moods I get in that expose me to abuse and I always err on the side of caution if I can feel the victim inside me looking for affirmation. When I'm on my toes, I'm confident I can turn anything to my advantage, sus someone out etc, and I'm very sensitive to dodgy situations - if I can't identify what's making me uneasy I get myself home anyway.

I have a very good security system with my girlfriend. She comes with me on jobs so is there to chat to and vent my disgust when needed. I haven't been attacked - altho I've had a few close shaves. It's less to do with my frame of mind than the fact that the guy is less likely to attack me because someone else has seen him and could identify him, etc. and someone is waiting outside. My girlfriend is butch so they think she's a bloke. I try never to be so short of money that I am tempted to stay if it's dodgy.

I always make sure someone reliable knows where I am, who I'm with and I arrange to call them when I get home. If I don't call I have an emergency plan worked out for them to follow. If I don't feel emotionally together enough I don't work. I always take extra care if it's someone I haven't met before. Sometimes I pay a driver who is carefully chosen.

I have a system of letting someone I trust know exactly where I'm going at what time, address, name, phone no. I phone in when I arrive at the client and again 1 hour later. If I don't do as I say then they phone the place and see if I'm ok and failing that come to the address and inform the police that something is wrong.

why Stop?

At the end of the day I don't give a fuck what anybody else thinks. Its my body and I'm the ultimate master of it. When I have stopped, it's cuz I get very cold and unemotional about myself and that's how I think I'm being to people around me. It's not good for me. I normally end up on drugs.

I've had to stop when I realize I'm lowering my standards. The things I expect from myself. Usually it was when I was doing too many drugs. I once sold myself for a big rock of cocaine and the next day (or when I was done smoking it, I should say) I quit (smoking). I couldn't quit working at the time but I moved across country to start over. But then it happened again and I moved back. Then it was smack. Then, with my first lover, I stopped all of it.

I stopped working when I got tired and couldn't trust myself to be safe. Also I was going out to bars, spending money and not getting any work. I felt like the balance of my dyke and whore life had gone wrong and I was sleeping the whole day to get over the night before. Whoring is a bit like counselling perhaps - it's your job to get into other people's heads and that can be very exhausting. It's also having to bite your tongue and not challenge them if they say something that really annoys you. That's the tiring part - having to listen to their shit attitudes about work or women or racism and one part of me wants to say 'you're opinions are fucked up' and another part is saying, I need the money - it's that compromise that I find difficult. But that's the same for all jobs.

Because of how I felt. Situations changed, places closed down. Money got worse. Time to move on. I'll probably do it again one day.

I got tired of going out late at night and having a packed day. I got seriously repulsed by the punters - if I work a lot I feel I can't face them. Also the agency harassed me to work more than I wanted.

I've stopped working several times. Sometimes because I ran out of clients and didn't do the work to find more. Once I became pregnant and couldn't face work for several years afterwards.

Every time I stop when I take a holiday, I have to force myself to start again because I can't bear it. But as soon as the money becomes a crisis I start and once you get going it's easier to keep at it.

lesbians & sex work?

makes so much sense to me for lesbians to be whores. It doesn't touch me emotionally. When I was 'straight' I had so many more problems about it cuz I had to separate men. Women are just a completely different story. Men are for money, women for pleasure.

For me coming out was the biggest taboo I faced. Here everyone was saying that being a lesbian is filthy and perverted and my experience of it was completely different. So, it was easier to shed the misconceptions about sex work that we're brought up with - particularly the part about all whores being victims. I'm mystified by some of the things people lust after, and I don't understand men's sexuality hardly at all, but I'm interested.

You see a side of men that can be different from what you see in relationships - which is men's ability to have sex without any consideration or responsibility for the woman. You hear the most terrible cliches, plus you see how they easily kid themselves that you are enjoying it which shows how, in fact, they don't care whether you enjoy it or not. All this must make it harder to take men seriously. Lesbians are often more short of money because you don't have a guy to pay for you so end up on the game in order to stay financially independent.

Lack of access to a man's money means you have to find an alternative source or learn to live on pittance.

It's one of the few ways you can earn half decent money and so survive without having to have a man around. I can support myself and my child and pay for a phone, car, hols with my partner.

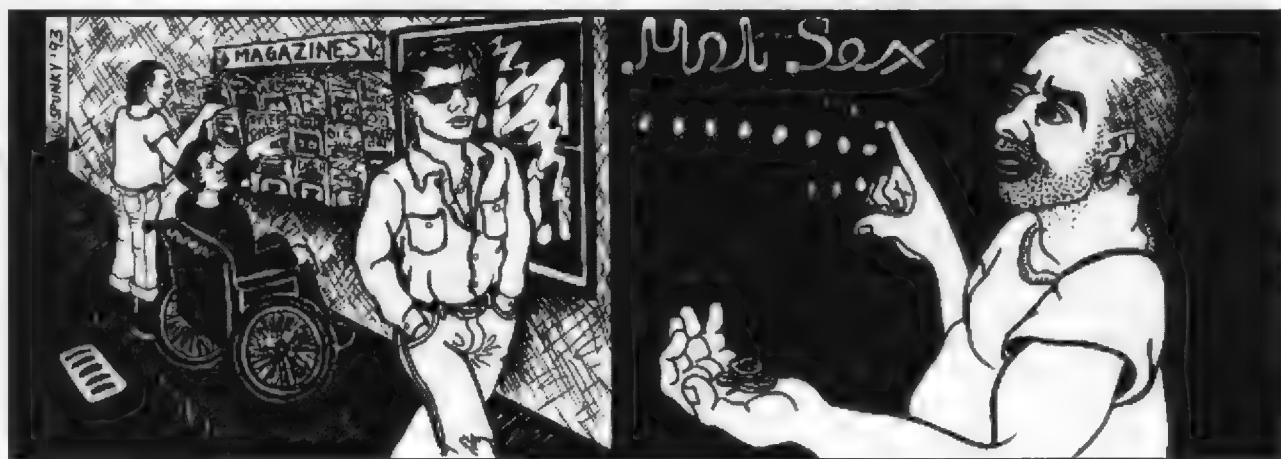
What girls are made of...

fiction by pat calafia ■ illustrated by spunk

The shop was in the front. You had to walk past racks of hardcore magazines in shrink-wrap covers and cases full of Hong Kong's finest marital aids to get into the rest of the place, which featured REAL! LIVE! SEX! ACT! GIRLS! A big guy who looked like he might have been a biker before he lost one hand was there selling tokens, one for a dollar. Sometimes groups of women came through on "feminist tours of the red-light district." He always told them, "Ya can't go back there without an escort." Sometimes one of the customers would offer (with a leer) to provide that service. Bo wondered if he would tell her that. She imagined herself saying, "This is my escort," and whipping out a switchblade. That would make them all step back. She stuck one hand in her jacket pocket to make sure her Swiss Army knife was still there.

She loitered by the glass case full of dildos. It reminded her of a cage at the zoo. "See the wild, endangered, artificial phalli," the sign by the exhibit might read. They looked like dismembered organs in the fluorescent light. The bored clerk flicked a glance at her, said, "Back again?" in a bored tone of voice, and went back to his racing form. Bo blushed as red as the hanky in her back pocket. *Oh my God, he recognized me!* How could she possibly figure out what she wanted with this homophobic jerk cruising her? Well, he wasn't getting any money out of her today.

She turned away and walked toward the magazines. She touched some of the covers with the tips of her fingers, but what was the point in picking any of them up? You couldn't turn the pages and see what was in them. A small group of guys, including one man in a wheelchair and two men who were at least as old as her grandpa were studying the racks anyway. One of them looked



up, saw her, and edged away. *All I get from these straight assholes is constant harassment*, Bo thought bitterly, and headed for the bouncer guarding the turnstile. Just let him try to keep her out of the back. He'd find out pretty soon that he'd picked on the wrong kind of woman.

"Getcha tokens here," he said. "Hey, guy, how you doin'? Wanna spend some money on the foxy ladies? We got a red-hot trio today. One blonde, one brunette, and a real exotic little Asian fox. You friends with summa the dancers?"

Bo had counted on being stopped. This geek obviously thought she was a man. She didn't know what to do. If she corrected him, he might throw her out, and that would be humiliating. She glared at him, daring him to hassle her.

"Getcha tokens here," he said, talking over her shoulder, addressing the entire room. If you wanna see the show or watch a movie, you gotta getcha tokens here," he told her confidentially.

Bo felt as if everyone in the bookstore was waiting to see what she would do. She decided to just act casual, like this was something she did every day. She gave him a twenty. He wasn't impressed. "Getcha money's worth," he said, sliding four stacks of tokens toward her, and motioned her through the turnstile. Looking at her back, he thought ruefully, "Why do all the cute ones have to be dykes?"

This part of the store was much darker. Bo was afraid to stop moving for fear she wouldn't be able to get herself going again. Why weren't her eyes getting used to the dark? She was going to bump into some guy, maybe some jerk who already had his dick out. Then she remembered she had her Ray Bans on and slipped them into the pocket of her overlay. The light was still dim, but she could see well enough now to know that she was in a maze of little booths with plywood walls. Most of the doors stood open. There were pictures on each door that looked like the photos on video boxes.

The temptation to cop a few minutes of privacy was too much. She went into one of the cubicles and shut the door. There was a machine on one wall of the booth. She stuck a token in it just to see what would happen. It made a sound like a coffee grinder,

and then a square of color appeared on the opposite wall. A surprisingly attractive young woman was down on her knees, licking a surprisingly homely man's cock. The picture quality wasn't very good, but Bo could see enough to tell that he wasn't getting it up. Nevertheless, the sight of real people having actual sex right there in front of her was oddly arousing.

Then she noticed something moving around at the bottom of the screen that didn't seem to belong in the movie. Was that a couple of fingers, poking through a hole in the flimsy wall? 'Hey, dude, put it through! Best suck job in town!' somebody whispered.

The guy on the screen was hard now, and the woman who was blowing him had wrapped her hand around the base of his dick to keep it from going all the way into her face. Bo wanted to kill him, but she also wanted to wrap her hands around that bitch's neck and shove her head - where? Meanwhile, there were those beckoning fingers, the brave and weird offer to give a stranger pleasure. She should probably break his fucking hand, but it wasn't like he knew who was in here.

"Uh - I'm resting" she said. The fingers slid out of sight faster than a vanilla dyke who had just found poopoo in her girlfriend's anxious rosebud.

Bo thought she'd better get out of there before he saw her. As she rattled the door, she became very aware of her cunt. It was pressing into the seam of her jeans like a cat that leans on your leg to let you know it's breakfast time. Why, she wondered, is there no word in English to describe this? I can't exactly say I've got a hard on, but I bet this is sort of like what it feels like to have your dick get hard. I don't know if I want somebody to suck on my clit or fuck me, but I sure don't feel passive or receptive. It's an aggressive kind of feeling, demanding, and it's not all in my head either. It is very physical.

This was turning into quite a trip. Maybe she should have gone to the feminist vibrator shop and purchased a leaping purple silicone dolphin. Or a pink ear of vibrating corn. Or told her trick she'd have to bring her own damn treats! Bo staggered out of the peep show section and headed for the next attraction - a round, slightly elevated, glass-enclosed stage that was surrounded by more little booths, like one of those lazy-susan Plexiglas spice racks that yuppies bought at Macy's cellar.

The public-address system burped (a sound that momentarily returned Bo to high school), and an unctuous female voice said



"Gentlemen, fill your pockets full of tokens. The performance starts in *five minutes*. Three of the hottest, wettest, sexiest girls on earth are about to *shake it* just for you. These ladies are uninhibited, they're bad, they're ready to *cut loose*. They also take *requests*. So *buy* those tokens now!"

Men started coming out of the peep shows and clustering around the bouncer. He made change really fast for a one-handed guy. Somebody tried to sneak under his arm and pilfer a token. The bouncer lifted him with one arm and shook him until his teeth rattled. "Don't do that. It upsets me," the big man said mildly, and handed over tokens for the five-dollar bill he was offered in lieu of an apology.

The P.A. system crackled again, and the female voice repeated exactly the same announcement putting identical emphasis on the words "token," "five minutes," "wettest," "earth," "shake it," "bad," "loose," "requests," "buy," and "now." Bo shook her head. "Sucker born every minute," she said ruefully and headed for the nearest booth.

Backstage was a mess. Three dancers were supposed to get ready in a space that was only slightly bigger than a walk-in closet. There was only one chair and a small mirror that was losing its silver backing. The floor was cluttered with gym bags, carryalls, and discarded street clothes.

"My mascara came open in my lingerie!" Crash (nee Lisa) wailed. Her blonde hair was only half teased-out, so she looked like a "before" ad for a PMS remedy. "Where's my hair spray?" She dug through her dancer's bag, throwing shoes, press-on nails, lace gloves, and anything else she needed over her shoulder.

"So wear black, Crash. Nobody will notice," Killer (nee Brenda) said, rubbing lip gloss into her cheeks. She was already wearing a leather miniskirt and studded leather bra, but she hadn't finished zipping up her thigh-high boots. An asymmetrical, purple-streaked, black ponytail sprouted from one side of her mostly-shaved head. "I have to make a lot of money today. The fucking

manager's been harassing me about my eyebrow again. I think I'll get the other one pierced tomorrow. *And* my cheeks. *And* the spaces in between my fingers and toes!" She kicked the can of hair spray over to Crash.

"Toilet's stuffed up again," Poison (nee Candy) announced, squeezing into the room. She wore only a gold G-string. The metallic fabric nearly blended into her old-ivory skin. She was shorter than the other dancers, but her body was solid from hours of dancing lessons and soccer. Her long, black hair had one eccentric platinum blonde stripe. "Where is that boy, anyway? She's supposed to take care of this shit for us."

"Literally," Killer snickered, painting big Egyptian eyes around her own. She snapped on her favorite wrist bands. Their large pyramid studs matched the ones on her bra. Then she reached for the high pit-bull collar that completed her outfit. "Come on, Poison, get dressed. We go on in five minutes."

"I'm really sick of Bad Dog's lame excuses," Crash said, shimmying into a cherry-red merry widow without bothering to unhook the back. She'd left the stockings attached to the garters and crammed her feet into them like they were an old pair of jeans. Miraculously, they did not run. Poison lined up her scarlet patent pumps so Crash could step into them. "Are you trying to tell us you feel like being the victim today?" She grabbed a comb, elbowed Killer out of the way, and started flipping her hair back into a lacquered bouffant.

"Sure, I'll do it. Just don't get too rough. I wish they'd at least put a piece of carpet down on that stage. It's a hard place to fall."

Killer stood and zipped up her boots. "There are no easy places to fall," she said. "Where the fuck is your costume? I am not going to get docked again just because you like to wander around forever in your underwear."

"I don't have to dress up. I'm a China doll, a submissive geisha, every sailor's fantasy. It drives the white boys crazy." Poison sang, "Such a gentle way about you, Singapore girl." Killer shot her a nasty look. "I'm just going to wear my kimono," Poison said hastily, taking it off a hanger that dangled from a nail in the cracked, industrial-green plaster wall. Hints of gold embroidery still glittered against the old, white silk. "Don't worry, Killer, I have a lot of toys in my pockets to keep the customers satisfied."



She untangled her obi, printed with green chrysanthemum pattern, from the mess on the floor, wrapped it around her waist, and then fished out her gold stiletto heels.

A knock on the dressing-room door shook the cubicle. "Ladies," the manager said, and came in before anybody gave her permission. Her name was Carole, but everybody just called her "the manager." She was a former dancer who always noticed when they were late and often failed to notify them that their time on stage was up. She was always pressuring them to do without a lunch break or work overtime on lame shifts. The dancers hated her even though she didn't demand sexual services like the men they'd worked for. "Where's your charming assistant?" she asked snidely.

"Flaked," Killer said briefly.

"Tell me about it later. You're on."

She closed the door, and Crash sent her a gesture that has been getting people killed in Sicily for hundreds of years. The three dancers filed into the hallway and opened the stage door. "We need some music!" Killer shouted, and their tape came on. Crash had made it. She called it "my tribute to popular culture's fascination with vicious bitches." The first song was the Waitresses singing, "I know what boys like." The manager hated it.

They distributed themselves around the perimeter of the stage, dividing up the customers. If somebody started tipping, all of them clustered there, unless the customer indicated a preference for just one of them. The stage was about three feet higher than the floor, which put the customers' faces at a level with the dancers' knees. Sliding windows went up and down between the booth and the stage, and the men had to keep feeding tokens into a machine to keep the window up. There was also a little hole in the Plexiglas, to make it possible for folding money to get shoved through. Dancers got paid minimum wage because tipping was allowed. They put on two twenty-minute shows every hour, for eight hours, and on a really good night, they might each make \$500. Usually, they made just enough money to make dancing seem a lot more attractive than being a secretary. They were

supposed to receive a percentage of the token sales, but they all knew the manager shorted them.

The three of them had been working here for three months, three days a week. Nobody danced full-time. Theatre owners were not about to dip into their profit margin for health insurance or other benefits. They had finally managed to get "promoted" to a weekend evening shift, when you made decent money, so they were probably about to get fired. Managers did that routinely to make room for new bodies and faces on stage. But they always found nasty personal excuses- "You're late, you're on drugs, you can't dance, the customers don't like you, your tits sag, you're too fat." Smart dancers moved on to another theater before that happened, but nobody looked forward to working up another act or performing with strangers. Some of the straight dancers were uptight about dykes, and transsexuals were so competitive. It was unusual for three friends to get work together. The specter of dancers cooperating with or protecting one another made managers nervous.

You could make more money as a street hooker, but that was a lot more dangerous. There was no customer contact here. A girl on one of the other shifts had been followed to her car after work and raped, but that could happen to anybody. One of the adult theaters a few blocks away featured lap dancing, and the money was supposed to be fabulous, but it sounded like a very difficult job. How many different ways could you say, "Give me some more money or I'll go away" and make it sound flirtatious?

Killer had tried working as a dominatrix, but it was boring. "All I did was sit on my ass all day and wait for the phone to ring," she complained. "The other mistresses thought I was really strange, and most of the clients hated punks. It's so bogus. All the domination ads say, 'No sex,' right? But they all gave handjobs. I made the mistake of talking about it, and after that, the tacky comments about whores just kept coming. One day I had a slave down on the floor jacking off, and he came all over my shoe. I snapped. I took off my other shoe and went after him. I got him good a couple of times, too, before the woman who owned the place threw me out."

Today all the booths were busy. It was a Friday afternoon, and the working man was ready for some fun. Each of the girls danced, trading places on stage, for one more song. Poison had shed her kimono already, after taking some tit clamps and a small, battery-



operated vibrator out of its pocket. Crash took some money from a guy who wanted to see her ass, turned around, took down her panties, and waved it in his face. He showed her a \$50 bill and said "Give me those hot little panties, honey." So she inched them down, bent over to take the \$50 in her teeth, and pushed the scrap of red satin through the hole. *Baby gets new shoes tonight*, she thought.

Poison somehow managed to keep gyrating on her high heels while she worked the vibrator in and out of her pussy. Her other hand was busy yanking on the tit clamps. She didn't have a free hand to take tips. Crash danced over to her, started playing with her nipples, and used her free hand to collect the cash. "Honey, don't do that," one of the men said "Don't hurt yourself like that."

"Fuck you," Poison said, sticking her tongue out at him. This is the only part of this show that I like, asshole." He let his window come down and stay down.

"You just broke that piggy bank," Crash said, yanking on Poison's chain. "At this rate, you're never going to finish law school."

"Hey!" Killer said, tossing her head so her black-and-purple ponytail whipped through the air, "you're supposed to be my girlfriend!"

Poison snickered. You had to hand it to Killer, she always came up with an excuse for a little girl-wrestling on stage, and the boys loved it. "So what?" she yelled. "I want her to fuck me, and you can't stop us!" She did a little end-zone, in-your-face dance while Crash took over manipulation of the vibrator. Then she grabbed Crash and tried to smooch her.

"Get your hands out of my beehive," Crash said irritably, smooching her back. "It'll look like shit if it comes down over my face."

Killer stormed over to them, looking genuinely pissed off. The bright lights above the booth made it a hot box to work in. Crash and Poison could see the perspiration on her shoulders and breasts above the leather bra. She pretended to slap Poison, who did a neat stage-dive onto the floor. While the customers shoved tokens into the machines like they were cops eating donuts, the blonde

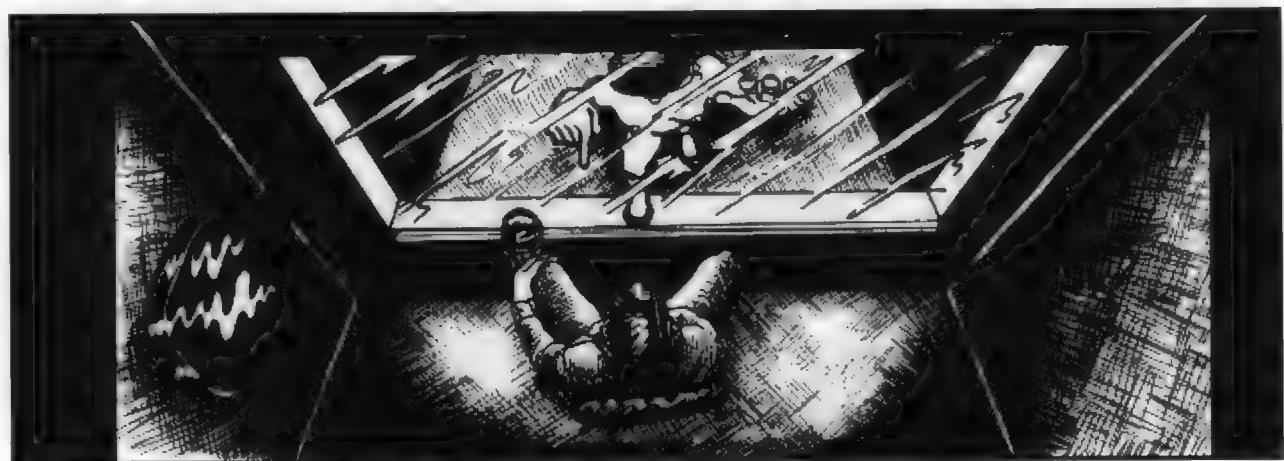
in her red corset and the brunette in her leather skirt struggled on stage, with Killer finally gaining the upper hand and administering a not-so-fake spanking.

"I'm sorry, 'I'm sorry!" Crash wailed, trying to protect her beehive. Poison floor-danced around the perimeter, running her obi back and forth between her legs and pretending to whip herself with it, picking up money, making sexy ooh-baby faces at the customers and feigning masturbation for the ones who gave her something bigger than a single. "Don't be so mad at me, lover girl," Crash said to Killer when she got tired of having her hair pulled. "We can both have her!"

Poison couldn't stop giggling as her two friends picked her up and tossed her back and forth between them. Even with an audience, it was a good time. "You don't scare me," she told Killer. Then it was Crash's turn to collect tolls as Killer "forced" Poison to her knees, slowly removed her studded leather bra and skirt, and "made" Poison go down on her.

Normally Crash didn't check out the booths too much. All she saw were hands and green paper. But one member of the audience had pissed her off. The window on his booth had been open since they came on stage, and he hadn't tipped once. So she stomped over to that cubicle and glared at its occupant. "What do you think this is, Catholic Charities?" she snapped. Then she saw the tits "Hey, there's a girl over here!" she yelled. The click of spike heels told her that Killer and Poison were on their way.

There was just enough room in the booth to stand up and whack off. Bo wondered why there was a machine on one wall. Who wanted to watch movies if there was a live show? Then the three space tramps came on stage, and she thought she would die. They looked like the beautiful, come-fuck-me straight girls that she didn't dare talk to in the clubs. Because the stage was higher than the floor, she could look right up their dresses. But their shoes were even more intriguing than their pussies. Bo loved high-heeled shoes. The tall, thin spikes looked like they should punch holes in the floor. How could anybody do all those turns and kicks in them? Her heart was in her mouth, for fear one of the dancers would slip or fall. But they kept their balance. It was magic.



The first time her window came down, it scared her so bad she almost peed. What was she supposed to do, leave the booth and let somebody else have it? She opened the door a crack, but nobody else was exiting. "Are you going?" asked a hopeful onlooker who'd been too slow to get a booth.

"Well, I don't want to, but I can't see anything."

He gave her a strange look. Bo braced herself for a homophobic comment. But all he said was, "You gotta put a token in to make the window come up."

Feeling like a complete idiot, Bo muttered, "Oh. Thanks," and closed the door. It was warped, so she yanked it into place. With the window down, it was really dark in there. She had to feel for the token slot. When the window came up, it revealed something even more wonderful than solitary dancers. They were tussling with each other! She got out another token and held it over the slot, ready to drop it in the minute her view was threatened. The leather girl with the black ponytail sure had a hard hand. But her friend in the red corset seemed to like it. A lot of girls had hinted around about kinky stuff like that with Bo-like the one who was coming over on Saturday night. It made Bo happy to know she was projecting the right kind of tough image. But when it came down to actually tying somebody up or getting rough with them, somehow the timing was never quite right. Either they wanted it too much, or she wasn't sure they really wanted it after all. Too much pressure or something. Besides, she didn't really want to hurt anybody. Did she?

Meanwhile, all the hair-pulling and slapping on stage was making Bo's stomach feel funny. It was awfully hot in there. She reached for her right pocket to get her bandanna, realized she was keeping it in the other pocket this week, fished it out and wiped her face. She shouldn't let herself get conned like this. It was just an act, breeder chicks faking lesbian sex, but she pulled her T-shirt up anyway and pinched her own tits. Hard.

The window began to descend, and she dropped a token. As it came up, Bo's zipper went down. She had to work her

jeans down over her hips to get her fingers in between her lips. She had a moment of panic, imagining cops barging in, but even the threat of being caught here with her pants down around her ankles made her cunt wetter and plumper. If she put one finger on her clit, it would take a little longer to come, but that would leave one hand free to work her tits. If only she knew why they'd put a glory hole in the Plexiglas. What was it for, kissing the dancers? Gross!

She was so close to coming. Of course, that little Asian girl wasn't really eating out the cat lady, but Bo knew what it would feel like. She knew what it would taste like. To be that helpless - to have all these people watching-

Her vision was blocked again, but not by the window. An angry blonde in red lingerie was plastered against the Plexiglas, looking like she might use her long red nails to claw right through it. "There's a girl in here!" she cried. Bo's arousal was swept away by a flood of shame and fear.

"Hey, what about us?" one of the guys yelled as the other dancers converged on BO's window. *I have to get out of here*, she thought, dragging at her clothes. She pushed on the door, but it was stuck.

"Leaving so soon?" the brunette crooned. She had taken off everything except her boots, wrist bands, and collar. "We were going to put on a special performance just for you. We don't see other dykes in here very often."

"Don't bother, I was just leaving!" Bo panted, wrestling with the door.

"Chicken," said the Asian girl, who was wearing only her gold spike heels.

"Enjoying the show?" the blonde jeered, rotating her hips. She had taken her breasts out of the cups of her merry widow. Bo couldn't stop staring at her bush. All this blatant female nudity and aggressive attitude were making her swear.

"No," Bo lied, trying to sound defiant. "I'm not enjoying the show."

That offended all of them. "But we're working so hard," the blonde pouted. "Is there something special you'd like to see? Want me to stick that vibrator through the hole so you can lick it?"

"This is sick," Bo blustered. "How can you stand to do this? It's degrading, letting a bunch of men jack off while you squirm and wiggle around."



"Ooh, Crash, degrade me some more!" the Asian girl crooned. They started French-kissing, hands between each other's legs. The sight completely exasperated Bo.

"Cut it out! That's disgusting. You can't fool me. You're just a bunch of mercenary straight bitches. You don't know anything about making love to a woman."

The door shrieked as Killer forced it open. "Is that so?" she hissed, dragging Bo out by her belt. One minute, Bo was staring at the pissed-off vixen's pierced eyebrow, and the next minute she was on the floor, staring at her boot heels. Then her hands were being cuffed behind her back, and she was up on her feet again. The rapid changes in altitude made Bo dizzy. This girl ate her spinach.

The bouncer left his post by the turnstile. "Have we got a problem here, Killer?" he asked, eyeing Bo.

"Not any more," Killer told him. "We just got a new whipping boy. Maybe this one will be a good dog instead of a bad dog. Are you a good dog, honey?" She punched Bo's upper arm. "Huh? Answer me!"

"Well, you'd better get her in back before the manager sees her," he said. "She just went out to get a prescription filled, and she'll be back any minute."

A buzzer sounded, signifying the end of the act. Bo thought about putting up a fight. But where was she going to go in these damned handcuffs? Killer shoved, and Bo went. Men were coming out of the stage booths, and most of them had hurt feelings. A few of them looked like they might complain, but Killer said clearly, "The first one of you bozos to whine at me is eighty-sixed. The show's over."

"You could do that to me," one of them said wistfully, ogling Bo's handcuffs.

"You'd like it too much," Killer said scornfully. Bo couldn't believe her ears. This girl was *naked*. How could she talk to a room full of men like that when they could see everything she had? Wasn't she afraid of anything?.....**to be continued in Melting Point, a new book of short fiction by Pat Califia. Distributed in the UK by Gay Mens Press.**

indecent exposure



indecent
exposure
in society



These photos were taken on the roof of the infamous Scala Cinema, King's Cross, scene of many queer and twisted one nighters - including the launch of Quim 2 in the summer of '91. The Scala was closed down for good the day after these photos were taken. We miss it already.

photography by laurence jaugey-paget

A DATE WITH XXVIII

WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF A TACKY SEX FANTASY

BY ALPHA HALE

I walked into the late night drinking den and immediately clocked her leaning against the bar. Her leathers shone dimly in the red spotlights and she threw a quick glance at me as I dug my hands in my

leather pants with 8 inches of prime quality cock. I quickly scanned the onlookers to see who else had noticed but her opponent was the favourite so all eyes were luckily trained on her. Something powerful happened in my brain when XXVIII broke the formation and my groin convulsed violently when I imagined her thrusting inside of me. The way she pressed her hardness against the table for the long shots, the way the weight of it hung against her leather as she bent into a well planned pot, made me weak with lust. Finally she glanced over at me for a second as she went for the black which was positioned in the pocket in front of me, and slammed the ball in for a tight win before forfeiting her right to continue playing. Instead of turning to her friend, she sauntered passed me and signalled for me to follow. This was it, I didn't need a second invitation so I followed her into the Mens' loos which were dark and smelt strongly of urine. I could just see her DM's in one of the cubicles, so I pushed the door open with my foot and immediately she had me on my knees in the wetness of the floor. She pushed my face into her leathered groin and dug her fingers brutally into the scruff of my neck. I retaliated by gripping her arse as hard as I could and pressing my fingers into the seams. She twisted my fingers savagely, making me cry out in pain.

"Don't try and control this situation Bitch!!" she muttered, pulling my hands back round to the front of her and rubbing them over her powerful bulge. My palms glided up and down the length of the shaft and I gazed up at her unable to disguise my passion.

"Suck me!" she demanded, so I dutifully unzipped her luscious black cock from its scented lair. As soon as my lips covered its tip, she penetrated my throat to the hilt and slowly drew it back while I gasped for breath. Again she thrust herself into me until she picked up a steady rhythm that made my eyes water. Not satisfied with my performance she fastened a thick leather collar around my throat, ran the slimy shaft over my face and ordered me to reach in her back pocket for a condom, which I did.

"Put it on with you mouth." Thankfully it was non-spermicidal, and I did as I was told and pushed the last roll down with my tongue. The taste of rubber filled my mouth and XXVIII controlled the action perfectly by tugging on the collar ring.

"You're fucking lucky I'm even bothering with you." She said stuffing a handkerchief into my mouth and straining on the collar, she hauled me to my feet and ordered me to wait outside by the urinals while she took a piss. I heard a swift torrent splash into the bowl. She didn't bother to flush.

As she exited the cubicle, her friend burst in calling her name. XXVIII told her to get her lube from in the bag and to come back and guard the door. Within seconds her friend had returned and I was pushed face up against the bank of urinals with my jeans down around my ankles.



photos by F. RYDER LOPEZ model TRASH

pockets and moved around the bar to a position where I could see her again. From where I stood I had the advantage of being able to view the back of her shaved head and her arm tattoo whilst looking like I was watching pool.... XXVIII's name was second on the list to play. I ordered a pint trying to suppress the rising hunger that was making me too tense, too obvious and bent over an ex's lighter to ignite my spliff.

XXVIII was chatting to a friend but as I rested my lust fangs on the back of her neck I saw her visibly square her shoulders and shift her body position towards me. She was so cute, so hot, that my desire to fuck her made my labia rings press tight against my 501's. I followed the line of her muscular arm reaching into her arse pocket to pay for the drinks she had just ordered and fantasized about climbing into her bare crack and rimming her with the tip of my tongue, until she was begging me for more. Somehow I had to have her and she must have read what was on my mind because when I looked up, she was watching me. She locked me in a cool stare before I was compelled to avert my glance back to the pool game. I heard her laugh with her friend and I had to forcibly stop myself from cringing by fortifying myself with more lager and more spliff. I kept my eyes trained on the next game of pool for 15 minutes and then it was her turn.

If pool is some obscure metaphor for dyke sex then this game was going to be a shit-hot fuck because when XXVIII turned towards my direction with her cue in her hand, I saw she was packing those hot tight

my arse and stroked the tight skin of my anus with an unlubed finger until I was moaning, then with a well lubed thumb she shot up into my arse and ever so slowly withdrew it. The sensation of this action made me weak and my legs started to give way, I heard her curse me as harsh slap on the bum pulled my back upright, I wanted to ask her for more slaps but the handkerchief made it impossible to speak.

"There's someone coming", her friend called.

"Well tell them to fucking use the ladies will you." And with the word 'ladies' she plunged inside my cunt and wiped more lube around my clit. As she forced herself against me she whispered obscenities in my ear that made me melt into liquid cum. The animal noises in the back of her throat made my whole body electrify and I rode with her until I had so many chemicals flushing up and down my spine.

that I quaked into orgasm and shuddered down violently onto that last held thrust. Before withdrawing she briefly stroked my neck and back and slowly removed herself from my final contractions. She carefully retrieved her kerchief, removed the condom, turned me round and started snagging me against the tiles. I rubbed my fingers against her head and squeezed her nipples hard.

"Here, you'll need this and these." Her friend on the door pitched me a pair of black metal handcuffs and a smallish lilac dildo.

"Hey! What is this?" XXVIII uttered as fastened first one wrist then the other to a secure pipe above her head.

"It's your turn honey!" I said hoisting my jeans back up kicking her feet apart far enough so I could remove her handmade leather harness with out too much physical objection. Her friend laughed and leaned against the door to watch.

"Fuck off, she's not watching!" And with no more objection I grabbed a handful of paper towels and shoved them in her mouth, securing the gag in the place with the handkerchief she had used on me. I asked her friend to wait outside, which she did and removed the harness from XXVIII's slim hips leaving her with her Y-fronts down around her knees.

I switched dildos and fastened the firm leather onto me. The small lilac cock looked strange so I rolled a black rubber onto it and checked my form in the mirror. I looked good and felt mean.

XXVIII was looking pissed off at her predicament so I thought I would make it worth her while. I crouched down into a semi-squat position and gently ran the broad flat of my tongue over her clit and around the outside of her flaps. Her newly shaved cunt felt fantastically slippery and smooth against my mouth as I widened her upper folds and sucked vigorously then softly on her engorged clit. She bent her knees and pushed herself hungrily into my mouth and three short sharp slaps on her arse reminded her that even though I identified myself as a bottom, I was now in control. Her clit tasted of leather and gradually I lathered her up until she was panting through

her nose. I spun her round so she had her back to me and pressed the cheeks of her arse open so I could watch her sphincter muscle pulse. As soon as I touched her sweet wet anus with my tongue I almost came at from the sheer indulgence of the situation. If I was manacled in front of this perfect vision for eternity I couldn't be happier. This was worship in its purest state and I was desperate to show my devotion. I stroked and squeezed her inner thighs and took my time lubing up her arse, then I stood up suddenly, pressed the whole weight of my body against her and threatened her without words. I removed her gag, applied a dollop of her own spit onto her throbbing clit. Carefully I guided my stiffness into her anus and caught the gasp of her desire right inside my loins. She was so fucking beautiful in

this position, I was in absolute ecstasy and just to prove it I jammed my meat into her sweet hot arse like there was no tomorrow. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open as I worked my fingers up and over the mound of her hard clit. The closer she came to coming the closer I came. Her sex noises drove me wild and as she finally and utterly came into orgasm, I folded into my own bliss experience, then slowly but surely removed myself from her sweating torso and threw the spent condom on the floor. I let her down apologizing for causing bruises to her wrists and we hurriedly got dressed and rearranged.

"Thanks" I said sheepishly.

"No, thank you" She replied with a smile and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, then left without looking back.



THE END OF A NIGHT OUT

When I got outside she and her friend were gone and I physically kicked myself for not getting or giving a phone number. Dejected but elated I ordered another pint and chatted the barwoman up for good measure.

THE POETRY PAGE

**and we had a kind of look
same bags under our eyes
a sensual and lazy slyness**

**and we were beautiful
full of malice
intimate in our intimacy**

**wild animals,
complicity,
crazy,
delirious.**

**and we had a turbulent spirit
a weight, a density
desire to cross the roof tops**

**and we knew too much about something
all the tricks of the wings**

**and we laughed...
bedraggled,
disarranged,
sweaty,
exhausted,
in an attitude most indecent**

**and we had a delicious skin
a deep relation
crazy for sex**

**the passion is always red
and nervous
spacious
dry with thirst
that is repeated through the same
noises that cross the walls**

ARA

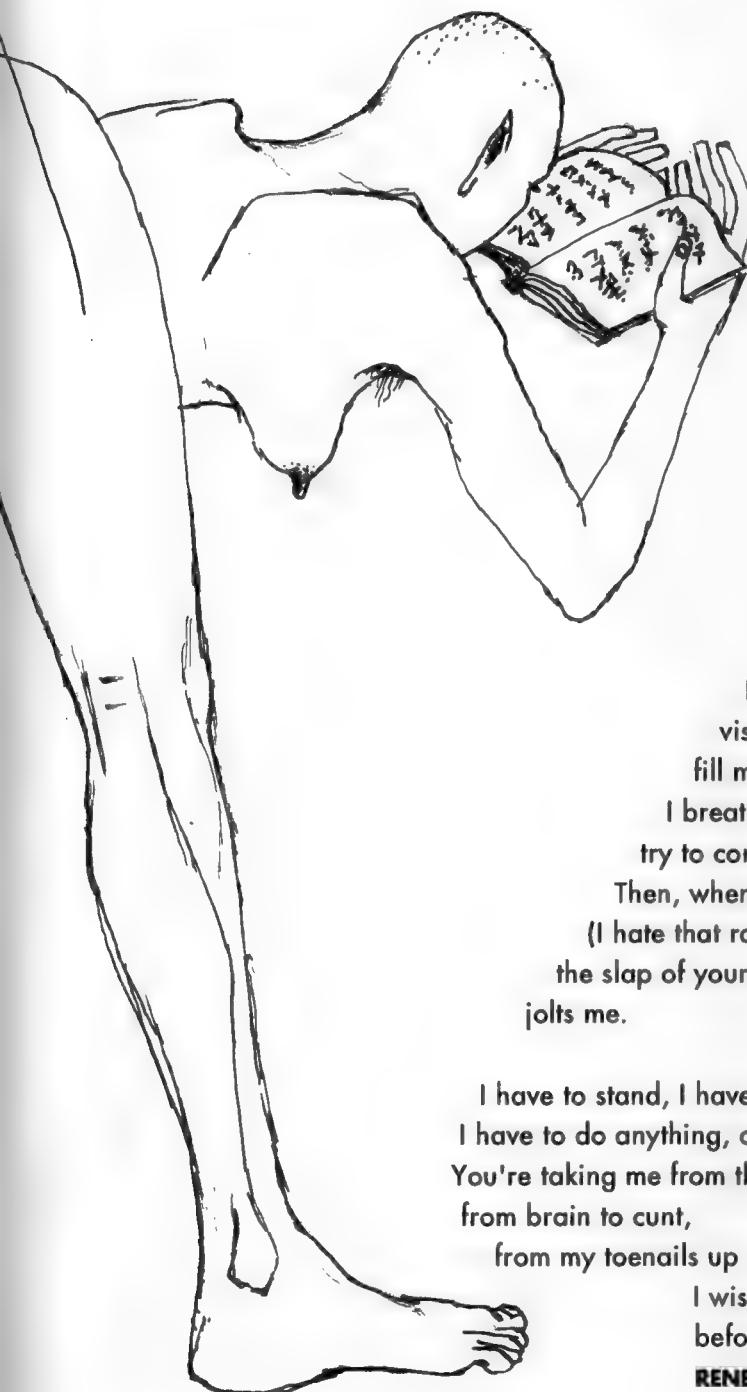


*GOOD
READING POETRY*

SCHEIRL '93

Oh God, the joy of vegetables! Fat lazy courgettes with swollen heads. Hard on soft. Speckled green and cold. Better than any prick. More like by baby's fist. And weren't condoms meant for just this? My pussy is pure vegetarian. But I want it to be painfully slow. I want to be teased. So I roll down the rubber with exaggerated care. And smile because the sight of it is ridiculous and still makes me cream. I think about you. I imagine your face just above mine and your eyes dancing wicked. You're so beautiful baby. So dirty you make my heart race. And now I'm gone. I can't slow fuck because every nerve in my body is singing. The deeper the penetration the more I want. The harder the fuck, the more I want. Until I break and my cunt melts into cum and for those few moments I'm God.

L.G.



When I'm typing, or writing,
an essay, or an application form
sitting on the floor, crossed legged
cunt open

I can see your black leather boots
waiting to be licked and kissed.
Or the crack of the cat flashes in me
when I'm marigolded to the elbows
over the sink.

I feel the choke of the cold chain
as I button up a shirt, tight,
and the skin on my neck freezes.

I hold my breath,
visions of your black cock filling me
fill my head and swell my clit.

I breathe out hard,
try to concentrate on my hoovering.

Then, when I bend to push a penny away
(I hate that rattle up the tube),
the slap of your open hand
jolts me.

I have to stand, I have to sit,
I have to do anything, or everything.
You're taking me from the inside out,
from brain to cunt,
from my toenails up to my bleached split ends.

I wish you'd eat me up
before my imagination does.

RENEE MCALISTER

Rough



Chant

Hips bucking fucking you, cold metal of the stove against my greasy hands grabbing at handles for leverage to drive you deeper. Your furious jaws ripping at my neck and bald head, pulling up skin on my skull to munch and eat. God, fuck it girl. I roar back into you and hear your jaw crack against my head bone. Grunting, harder, you grind me into blood and bone. I breathe cunt and spit and tits and think of hundreds of ways to say Baby, fuck me. My chant letting it calm me, my cold light focus, my please transfixed, rocking, rocking rocking.

You are fistin me.

Your hand is in my cunt.

Despite the shooting pains in my pussy walls, I let you. I imagine my cervix black as night.

I never thought I'd want anyone this way. My back had been aching, but once you'd said I wanna nail you now I had given up my slit to you with no more than a whimper. Now my tampon is on the floor where you threw it and blood comes out of me, and it ropes around your wrist. You said you only think of my blood as extra lube for your fist.

I become the sucking sound you make inside me. My cuntwalls are glass and you broke them. They subsequently cut me. Every contraction is your name.

Colt for Susannah, after dreaming

It was a windy Autumn day and me and my favourite book had been indulgently lying in the bath for hours. I was gently but firmly frigging my hot little clit over and over again, getting to the point of coming and then stopping just seconds before. By this time the blood rushes were making my cunt bang hard. After one particularly hard throb I lay back glancing upwards to see sex smirking sarcastically, sitting on the bath chair behind my head. With my pussy banging like mad and this drop dead gorgeous bitch watching me I lost my cool altogether.

I let out an overpitched squeal of "fuck you" and flipped over onto my stomach successfully soaking sex to the skin - her expression changed as her eyes narrowed to thin slits.

My tits and arse were still wobbling as she lifted me bodily, her hands grabbed me by my waist and I was slung over her shoulder and carried upstairs, fingers playing lightly with the crack of my arse.

In my bedroom I acted pouty and pretended viciousness, spitting gobs at her face and chest, lashing out with a vile rush of swearing about her fucking up my sex life.

She meanwhile was chastising me that not only was I reading someone's else's porn story but that I had one leg slutishly draped over the side of the bath with my legs spread wide open so that my red cunt was thrust up for the whole street to see over the low window ledge.

By now my blood was up and I slapped her with the fact that right now her stinking cunt was oozing out so much juice for me that her pants were darkening with dampness. She hesitated uncertainly and sniffed, but not before I'd slipped two fingers past her underwear and inside her, in, out, and smeared them right across her sulky face lips.

Now sex wasn't the type of bitch to take this sort of thing lying down. Very soon I found myself slapped all around the room. Her hand never stopped moving as I was slapped up and down against all the walls, eventually landing pink and sore on my bed.

As you've probably guessed by now, sex was one rough fuck. She came from the 'if you like it, shag it' school of total lesbian fuckers. She now exhibited this fact by grabbing my head firmly with both hands, forcing my face between her thighs and throwing her legs over my shoulders. Then she really got started; grunting, bucking and mashing her huge soft cunt into my face.

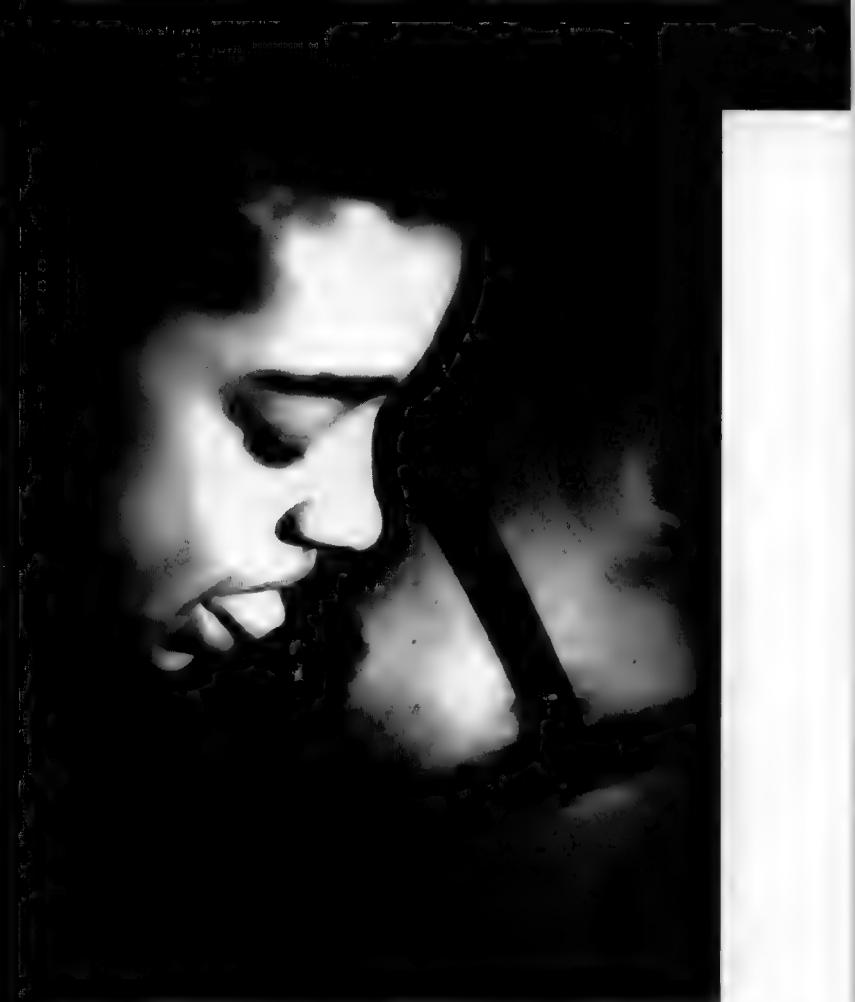
And me, with cum streaming down my cheek, all sound drowned out by strong wet thighs locked around my head, licked and lipped that soaking, swollen, hot cunt like I was going to die doing it; my lips worked round and round on her saturated wet redness. My vibrating tongue darted delicately up and down and dipping into her hole. I licked that cum up and spat more slippery spit all over her clit! Holding my head in both hands, a 'heaving' sex forced me to give up control of my neck as she used my face to rub herself off on. Thrashing her cunt up and forward (further than I thought I could go without breaking) and shaking her whole self from side to side, she fucked my whole face over and over again till the final quake came. Letting out a howl and bucking violently she finished. Then she pushed me roughly away.

Jane Campbell

Society

To be real is the only way
And I'm as real as they come
So close your eyes
Knot your eardrums
And cut off your fuckin tongue
Who are you to judge me?
If I fuck my girlfriend with a
cucumber
Then put it into my gut
Who are you to judge me?
If I pay for a prostitute
Just to douch out her cunt
Who are you to judge me?
If I lap dance a dragqueen
And jerk her off
Who are you to judge me?
If I strap on my 9 inches
And a daddy sucks it off
Who are you to judge me?
If I - a black gay woman -
kisses and caresses the belly of
a white pregnant woman
whose husband, who was once
Wallstreet, now lives within
your cell, your prison,
shooting heroin into his veins
because he wasn't up to
standard

Poems by Vargas



Untitled

My nipples stand like two black children
Outside a church door
Waiting for the Pastor's wife
To bring them burning candles from the altar

My vagina is the church itself
A Baptist church, always packed to the walls
Throbbing, and feeling the sweat
As it runs down the crack in the window

And my rectum, is like a virgin baby
Being baptized for the first time
Opening to the tightness of pleasure
As the priest handles it with care

UNDER LAMPS AND TUNNELS, WE WALK IN THE CITY, IN HER VEINS.

FLIES...

FROM LYING UNDER OUR FEET, SHE RISES AT NIGHT.
SHE ROVES WITH HER TEETH BARE.



AND CURLS
IN THE SKY

WITH
HER

HEART
SHE
STARES

FOR
HER
CHOSEN
ONE
...

SHE WILL
BREAK...

THE SHELL...

THE SKIN...



...WITH HER TEETH,
BRINGING A STATUE
TO LIFE,
LOVING HER
TO DEATH.

VAMPIRE
IN THE CITY

CAROLE MURCIA 1994



freedom on - me

I read somewhere once that there is no point falling in love with someone that you may only wake up to by chance. But there is, even if that chance only comes once in a while. It means that you can only snatch a few moments of time with them - but that time can be the most explosive passion of your life. It is a time that is precious, and exclusive of everything else precisely because you know it will never last long.....

One night we were driving back in her car, my lover and I, back to her place after a long night at some tedious club. I felt a twinge of excitement as we approached the river - I had lived in London for ten years but seeing the lights of the river still excited me. When they didn't it would be time to move. Half way over the bridge she parked the car on the pavement and said to get out because she wanted to show me something. We stopped and I drew a quick breath - what is it she wanted to show me and would it be what I thought it was. As we leaned over the bridge wall she dug into her pocket and brought out some coins. "Make a wish then throw the coin in" she said. I knew instantly what my wish would be. I wanted to be able to spend some time with my lover, preferably a long way away from London so we could have some privacy. Time and privacy had always been a problem for us and I wanted to be able to eat, sleep and most importantly fuck for a few weeks without interruption. I hoped that she was wishing for the same thing.

For a brief moment we were locked in our own little worlds of thought - the silence was deafening. She gave a little laugh and turned to me. Holding my face in her hands she kissed me very gently, her mouth opening slightly as her lips touched mine. I put my hand on the back of her neck and pulled her body towards me, turning her slightly so I was pressing her against the wall of the bridge. We kissed for a long time, feeling each other's mouths with tongues and lips. I moved my hands down her body and felt the curves under the lacy dress she wore. My fingers and hands liked to explore every inch of her, I could spend the rest of my life quite happily being near her flesh and feeling it under me. There was no sound except that of our breathing getting heavier and quicker. As much as I wanted to fuck her there and then I didn't want us to get interrupted by someone passing by. I had noticed that fortuitously the tide was out so the backs of the river were visible.

"Come with me" I said and led her by the hand down the steps under the bridge and onto the pebbles normally covered by the brown water of the river. The mist was still laying on the water, moving gently in the breeze, soon it would burn off and the city would come alive with bustling bored commuters. But for now there was just us and the seagulls that flew round the banks trying to find scraps and unwary fish. I stood behind her facing the opposite bank, my hands running over her buttocks and the tops of her legs. She rocked herself back and forth trying to get

the maximum effect
from my touch.

bridge Works

I wanted to save this view in my mind for ever. Now was the time to close my eyes and imprint it on my memory. The way the buildings looked on their uneven skyline. The greys and blacks that come from hundreds of years of people being in this city, moulding it to each generation. This was my city - it belonged to me and I belonged to it, even though sometimes I wanted to get away so desperately. She knew that and could feel it in me. Many times she moaned at me for being too English, whatever that means. Not adventurous enough perhaps, not wild enough. We have our own wildness that isn't as obvious as others have, but it is no less lethal.

I could hear her breath quicken, little intakes of air that turned me on so much. I knew that whatever I was doing was giving her pleasure and making her wet. It always seemed such an ultimate power, that of changing someone's body into nothing but mental liquid. No one can think straight when their whole mind is concentrating on what is happening to the outside and inside of their body. To make someone lose all their rationality is the majority of the joy of making love. With her I felt it more than I had with anyone else. I needed to touch her constantly, to see if she was still there. I thought I had got used to her coming and going so often - we had only had any length of time once. I hadn't even had a chance to get used to it, but still I missed it and was scared she would go again so wanted to hang onto her physically as long as possible.

Her body drew me like an unbreakable rope. Even after touching her so many times I stood there by the river and drank in the feeling of her legs and thighs. Smelling the sex rising from between her legs. For the time I was with her I wanted to own her, and the only way I could do it was to fuck her. To make her feel my fist inside her, twisting and turning. I whispered in her ear that if she was good and if she wanted me enough I would fuck her - eventually....

"Please, you must fuck me - please", she begged and I knew I had her exactly where I wanted her. I let go of her and walked round so I faced her. Beads of sweat were starting to appear on her upper lip, I leaned forward and kissed them whilst moving my hand down at the same time.



longevity



"What does my baby want" I said, "Does she want me to touch her here, or here or perhaps there". I moved my hand around the outside of her and could feel the wetness dripping onto my fingers.

"Yes, inside me - I want your hand in me..." she said, resting her head on my shoulder. I knelt down and pushed my fist into her, I felt the heat of her sex, its wetness enveloping my hand. It seemed to suck me up pulling at my hand to go ever deeper. Past my wrist, sucking and sucking. "Oh yes, you are a good girl", I told her. This was the moment I loved more than any other. She shouted out with the pain and pleasure of it all. All in the outside world, including my very presence, was obliterated for that fraction of a moment - and I loved her for it.

She placed both her hands on my head and pulled me to her. If I could have somehow crawled inside her with my entire body I would, to have my whole being experience that which was happening to my hand. Her legs began to tense and then bend as the power of orgasm swept through her body. She shouted out my name and I knew that no one could do this to her but me. It was my hand and my need for her that she loved so. More than anything passion is dependent on total adoration of one for another. When that goes so does passion.

We stood, simply holding each other tightly, silently thanking and finding no words adequate enough to describe how we felt. Even after all this time all I could do was to kiss her gently on the forehead then lead her up the steps to the car. The bitter sweet feeling of loss begins to overwhelm me as I know that again there is no time just to stop and breathe and appreciate her beauty. We have learnt control. It is a control that begins to take over the whole of your life because it has to, because if it didn't there would be nothing left in your head or your heart that meant anything any more. Anything, if done often enough becomes an addiction even breaking your own heart - because you can.

I read somewhere once that you can put your heart in a box and give it to someone to care for and still keep living. She had mine and one day, when she had become bored with the sound of its beating would give it back. I could wait - I wasn't going anywhere....

I know you don't believe me. But I want you to. I don't believe that you will only be attracted to me, only want to sleep with me for the rest of your life. I've been told that too many times. I've been fucked over too many times. I won't ever believe that one again. I want to believe it. I want to believe that I'm enough. But you are so young. You say that now but what happens in a few years time? I'm so much older than you. Funny, I've always been the trusting one, the faithful one. It's strange that this time, with you, you being so true, this is the time I've chosen to be unfaithful. Not that it's meant anything. I did it early on so that I could never feel tied into being faithful. So that you could never say to me 'I didn't think you were like that'. You know I'm like that. I want you to feel free too. I want you to know that I will always tell you. That's where you scare me. I'm afraid you wouldn't tell me. Really I don't know if that's good or bad. As long as I never could find out, I suppose I would rather not know. It would kill something inside of me. If you didn't tell me and it meant something real to you, I'd know it just by looking at you, I'd read it in your eyes, I'd smell the stink of it. You better believe it. You'd better tell me. If you didn't I'd fucking kill you. If other people knew and I didn't, I'd sense that too and be gone without a second glance. Me, I have to tell. I could never be myself if I had to hide something from you. So you are stuck with having to deal. I'm stuck with having you go cold on me. For a while anyway. Until you see that it means nothing to me. Until you realize how much I love you. Only you. No matter what I do away from you. I think I like the way you freeze on me. I like the hardness, the wall you put around yourself when you are hurt. Yes, when you are hurt. Deny it all you like, I know I've succeeded in hurting you when you go all cold like that. I like the fact that your first reaction is to preserve yourself. That core in you, that shows me that you will always take care of yourself first. Like me. This is the only tool you give me to hurt you with. You better believe I'll fucking well use it. Then I'll use my fire to melt down your ice and start all over again. One thing you better fucking believe. I ain't going nowhere. So do what you will. I wish you would. Fuck around. Love 'em and leave 'em. That's my woman. My Daddy. Flirt with 'em, kiss 'em, fuck 'em, whatever. Hurt me baby. Just come back to me when it's all over. Kiss my wounds and make me whole again. Part of you. Really, go ahead. Play my game with me. Let's fuck the whole world together. You and me.

i know you don't believe me

Fourteen Days To Go...

You tell me you wouldn't mind me sleeping with another woman at any other time - but just not right now, because you are feeling a little vulnerable.

You tell me you wouldn't mind me sleeping with another woman, but not right now, maybe in six months.

You tell me you wouldn't mind me sleeping with another woman, but just not THAT woman. And now we are right in the middle of the nightmare.

Like, yea, I want the fuck out of this regime so I can fuck who I like when I like, but instead I will say to you, I will say to you...

'babe, I don't know what I want...'

'honey, I don't know what's going to happen...' When really all I know I want is to walk out of the door and never see your strangled beauty again.

I say to you in my lowest voice, like I can hardly breathe,

'hey, we're going to get through this together...' When I know we have fourteen days to go.

You ask me,

'how can you let her do what you never let me do...?'

(Because she does it so much better.)

'how can you cause me so much pain...?'

(Because I can only feel my own.)

You asked me if we had safe sex.

I said yes - and you believed me.

I tell you I don't understand, that I am shocked and hurt and angry and oh! my pain!

When at the same time I don't tell you I have the feeling of light relief that 'the marriage' is over.

After all, I can do the same as you now, fucker, with none of the moral majority screaming, 'How many clits do you need to suck, sucker!?'

When I start fucking they will say, 'I'm glad she's getting over it...'

You'd think they'd realize that 'it' lasts forever and all I want to do is stick a knife in your back; but they don't - not until it's their turn.

I want to see you slide around in my own manipulation, so you feel the nausea of guilt rising in your throat, just as you kiss the NEW WOMAN. No woman stays new, (especially not after the 11th week.)

You say it's just that you have 'great chats', you like to talk to her.

Yes, talk her into fucking you.

You shout, 'Can't I do anything without you suspecting me of wanting to fuck someone brainless...!?'

(Brain-fuck: Fuck My Brain)

You plead, 'I only kissed her'.

Well, now you can kiss my DIS - EASE.

--ISSY TROWLER--

SICK OF ME

I never knew how sick you were of me.
I never knew I'd sewn seeds of destruction so early on.

I never knew how much you didn't want me
as I lay in your arms I never knew
what an effort it was and as I felt your slippy slidy
wetness I never knew the invite in was at such cost.

--TESSA HANKINSON--

nothing gold

bizzare is the language
that pours from her heart
her heart beats so slow -
and i know i sound like everyone else
but i can't help myself - i can't help her

and she sounds like she could be crying
when the tears hit my skin i'll know

if i could say something that mattered
or anything at all
but i never know...anything

and it feels like i could be dying
when the tears hit my skin

feeling helpless and hopeless
a million miles away
nothing gold can stay

the sadness is there in her hands
and the distance is there in her eyes
her eyes are on the skyline and blue
a hollow emptiness
i know i can't help her
but i never know anything

and she sounds like she could be crying
when the tears hit my skin i'll know
when the tears hit the ground i'll go
but i never know
no, i never know

so i hold her and i say
'nothing gold can stay'
and the strain of my life hits hard

debbie smith

HER PERFUME SMELL

You take a book to bed instead and your toothbrush disappears
from her rack.

She buys a different perfume and is busy the next four weeks.
You start phoning friends again and finally decide to separate
the socks and nickers and hand back hers.

She stops reading the book you lent and 'your tunes' find their
way to the dusty back of the tape rack.

You stare at the postcards sent and wait for a phone call that
never comes and cry when it does.

Her perfume smell fades from the pillow case and you plan a
raid to recapture the key.

Learn to cook for one again.

Let your hair go.

Let your nails grow.

That's when you know it's over.

TESSA HANKINSON

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN EX-LOVER

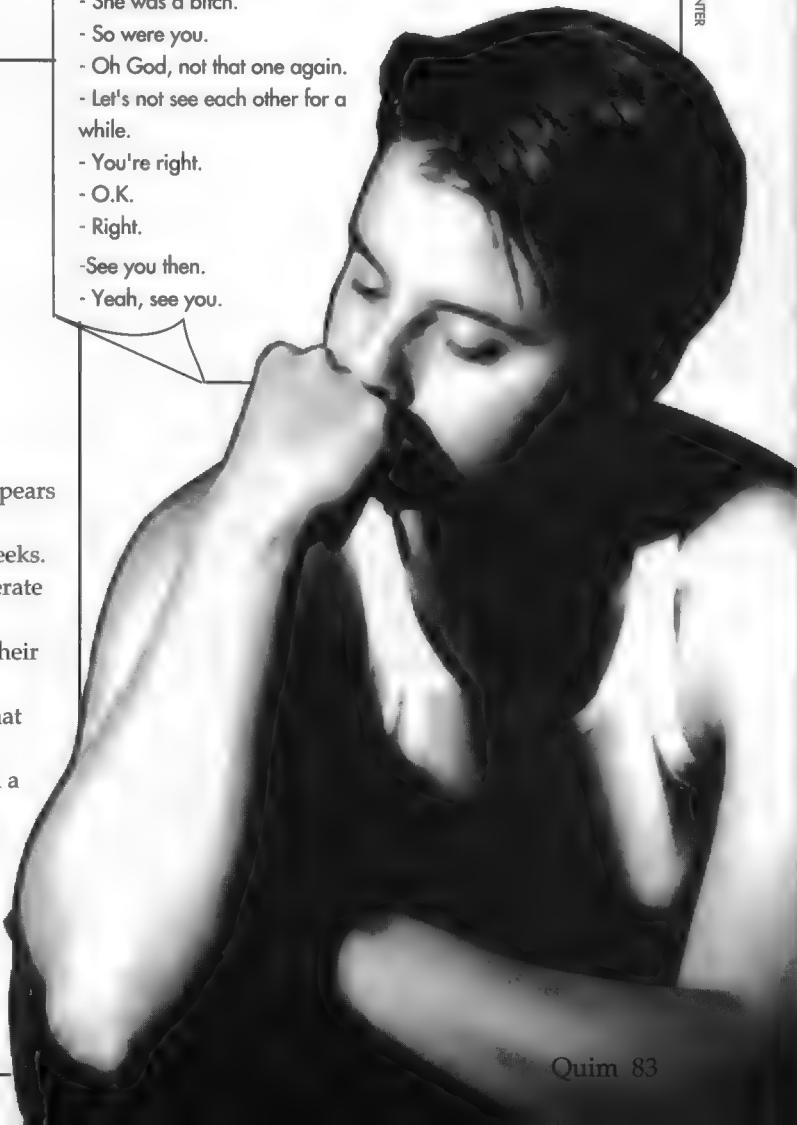
Cherry Smyth

- Hello, nice to see you.
- You too.
- Let's do it again.
- How often?
- Well...once a week.
- Isn't that like before?
- No, then we were lovers.
- Oh.

PAUSE

- And what are we now?
- We fuck.
- Oh, I see.
- Should we see each other and not sleep together?
- Or sleep together and not see each other?
- We should talk.
- Yes, talk. Talk. Talk. Talk.
- And listen.
- You talk and I'll listen.
- We can learn to understand each other again.
- Impossible.
- Did we ever.
- And trust.
- Oh, yes, trust.
- What about whatshername?
- Don't see her. Do you see thingummy?
- Oh sometimes.
- She was a bitch.
- So were you.
- Oh God, not that one again.
- Let's not see each other for a while.
- You're right.
- O.K.
- Right.
- See you then.
- Yeah, see you.

PHOTO: F. RYDER LOPEZ. MODEL: NANCY BROOKS-BRADY, PAINTER



DESIRE IN TROUBLE

story by jo fisk

illustrated by dawnmellor



I hate the fucking police.

What can I say? I was in the bus lane and I wasn't on the bus.

My anxiety as she checks my registration number over her radio is swallowed up under a pretence at co-operative good temper.

“Don’t I know you from somewhere?” I blurt out. Her breath is drawn in sharply. It reminds me of the involuntary sound of pleasure made by someone picking up the telephone mid-fuck.

“I very much doubt it,” she states coldly.

I am ordered to produce documents at Vauxhall Police Station.

I cannot resist looking in the mirror as I drive away. With an eyebrow raised she stands watching my nervous entry into the stodge of rush hour traffic. This acknowledgement sends adrenalin zinging through my body to the extremities.

I definitely recognise that dyke in police drag – probably from some sleazy bar. Drinking or picking up? I cannot quite dredge up an accurate memory. It is frustrating.

I am hot and feverish. High from lack of sleep. Each time the lids screened my eyes last night I had a clear image of my friend Pete, emaciated, with jaws clenched against his pain. Where my body touched the bed I imagined his sores on abrasive hospital sheets, the constant fight for air.

My body's elation co-exists uneasily with thoughts of Pete's imminent death. It is like I laughed at some very sick joke and now have to choke back the tears.

I exhaust my body in the gym. I force the weights up again and again - to my limit. My limbs and chest are wrung out.

I had intended to go to work after my shower but somehow I am both too excited and too sad to cope with it.

I go to Westminster Hospital to talk with Pete. Only, we do not talk much. His life is drawn out by the prognosis of pain and the no-hope attitude of the medics.

He is propped up in bed coughing into a plastic beaker. He does not smile. With an attempt at his former cynical wit he tells me that someone I was two-timed by ages ago dumped the 'other' woman: "she refused to go down on her." His indiscretion would once have brought a wicked light to his eyes but today he is like the clown acting out what he imagines others' expectations to be of him. I hug him hard not wanting to let go. Not wanting to have him pretend to be interested in what's going on outside.

He tells me angrily that one vulture has already tried to get her hands on his old job in Brussels - asking him for the relevant details while he lay weak and unprotesting in bed.

"Can you pass me the beaker?"

My stomach lurches at the sight of a beaker half full of gob. Saliva fills my mouth. I try to look indifferent. I comment on the TV. Pete looks at me wearily.

"I hate the TV". The sub-text is: It is not OK to be 26 with pneumonia and an immune system shot to bits. Stuck in a sordid underfunded hospital with a future of onslaughts of infection and cancerous lesions.

My healthy body becomes a grotesque



reminder of his lost ability to take food, to retain flesh. To have or even desire sex. Pete and I used to joke about it all the time.

A few months ago the only indication that Pete was not OK was the four hourly bleep bleep on his watch to remind him to take the AZT. One time we were having coffee and cake. He offered me his fork all gunged up with chocolate. My head knew it was OK so I took it.

That night I dreamt that he - a gay man - had fucked me just so he wouldn't be alone with AIDS. The media "gay plague" hysteria works on a deeper level than the intellect. What I told Pete my dream he agreed that he didn't want to be the only one. That he would prefer company - the company of a good friend.

My Calvinist-inspired fear of death through sex lingers on - a modern equivalent of the God-hates-masturbation-and-fornication mentality. Desire is a fatal disease.

When I get back to my flat I disintegrate. The hard exterior crumples as I slam and double-lock the front door. I sink onto the manky green carpet in the corridor hugging my lumpy shopping in its plastic bag.

My long blocked in tears break through the brittle defensive wall. I sob and sob, shoulders heaving up and down convulsively like a runner's at the end of a sprint.

My friend Anna telephones to ask me if I'll go to a private party with her: leather/rubber dress code.

"Yeah. Why not. We can leave if it's bad. I'll see you there."

So here it is: "Vic's Club". Most days it's a straight strip club. The door of number 38 is flimsy plywood with a coat of dirty white matt. It opens easily onto a long corridor with red light bulbs. There is a continuous burglar alarm beep - unnerving.

The noisy buzzer brings the bouncer to the locked inner door. She has a body harness and tight leather shorts. I am cold, detached from desire - as though watching from the outside.

I pay the entry and look around. There are several familiar faces from the SM scene. I gaze at the half naked



and the leather clad all squashed against the bar and around the stage.

There is a short skinny woman with a half shaved head and a satin basque. She is beautiful and my gaze objective.

There are skintight black dresses, suspenders, stilletoes, butch dykes with leather braces and biker jackets opened to reveal hard nipples, leather trousers. One has only a jock strap and nothing else.

My ex-lover Holly is wearing a black studded leather harness which she used to have me wear. There is a strap which pushes up hard between the legs making each step an inevitable jolt to the entire system. I cannot take the risk of being attracted to her so I walk on.

Life was too intense with Holly.

Our quickest and strongest responses

were evoked by fear and whip or cane. At moments it unnerved me that the chains, handcuffs, the calculated infliction of pain (made tolerable only by consent) are 99% of the time *forced* on rebels, blacks and queers by hated fascist torturers.

The attraction of s/m is the taking of power, power over pain and abuse. But that was (illusion) at night - all night - and then we had to trudge off to work.

We used to act out the sexual abuse and assault we had each suffered in childhood. It was an attempt at catharsis. We got paranoid around each other and angry. What was initially an arousing sadomasochism was latterly an expression of how much we hated each other and our abusers. Anger and hatred left us emotionally spent, drained - and that lasted a few months longer than any bruise or weal.

The bar-tenders are so intent on watching the stage that I cannot get a drink. A couple of figures are writhing wetly on it covered in glistening oil. One is standing up proudly holding the other's shaved head with both hands and thrusting her thighs inwards. She comes fast and brushes the other away feigning disgust.

The Men's has no queue. The one cubicle has a weird wooden two part door hinged in the middle with a bolt that has to slide upwards and across to its slot. It breaks between my second and third trip.

As I emerge from it, I find the dyke who stopped me in the bus lane.



"Hi." It's out before I have time to think and sounds quite sarcastic. My body is on edge, flexible, expectant and suddenly nervous.

"Do I know you?" she asks cuttingly. "That depends on whether you intend to remain anonymous," I suggest.

She smiles. "They call me Knuckles." She has well-worn button levis bulging at the crotch, black leather waistcoat, muir cap and a leather covered cane attached to a chunky belt. The handcuffs look authentic Met Police.

She puts a hand on my shoulder and squeezes the skin beneath so hard I almost gasp out. Pushing past she slams the door on my rudely. I go back into the main club aroused and unsettled.

I came here to find an escape from emotion, death, dying, rejection, desire.

I hear a crack of leather or cane on flesh and envy the sub. I want that physical pain to oust the mental. I fear it too. It could turn me on and expose the desire to be touched, to have someone inspire in me both terror and love.

I finally get a whisky at the bar and move towards the stage to have a close look. There is a diesel dyke known as Ruby with leather trousers relaxing in a padded chair. A slender athlete writhes in a wet black silk dress and fishnets in front of her. She throws her cigarettes on the floor and makes the other pick them up one by one.

The dress is too small and shrinks as it dries revealing that she only has a silk g-string on underneath. There are whip marks across her ass.

The heavy looking butch suddenly grabs her and bends her over forcing a rubber plug into her butt. She grabs a cane and tickles her between the legs with it.

Leading her by the neck collar she makes her straddle Knuckles, the dyke I had spoken to in the Men's. She is told to make herself come by rubbing her cunt on the bulging rubber prick now exposed through the open flies. The handcuffs are passed upwards and someone handcuffs her hands behind her back. She is given six or so strokes of the cane. "Come quick to avoid the pain-if that's what you want", someone suggests sarcastically.

Ruby thrusts upwards with each stroke obviously getting off on the experience. At one point the handcuffed athlete is pulled up by the shoulders. She is on the point of orgasm. She is led round the edge of spectators so that they can see how wet she had made her black silk g-string. This time as she comes close to orgasm the leather clad butch throws herself on top of the other two, pulls out the butt plug, chucks it into the crowd and forces her own strap on up between the shuddering thighs pushing the dress upwards.

I am clenching my thighs together, wanting the pain, the physical contact, the loss of self in acting out of a role. I am hot.

Then my mind drops a level like it made a connection without letting me know. I have an image of tiny child buttocks being wanked on, forced open; a massive purple veined male prick being thrust into the repelling weak mouth of an infant.

I am assailed by a gungy icky sense of being touched by enormous veiny lumps of flesh - even as I stand at the bar cradling my glass. When aroused I am inundated with unwanted images of being used for sex as a child.

I have had enough excitement for today. As I leave I notice that the one with the leather whip has finally broken the skin. There is blood showing on the open back between the straps of her dress.

I drive home alone after saying goodbye to a couple of friends near the exit. Sometime I'll get off on these images indelibly printed in my mind.



Postcard from the Bernhardt Clinic

There comes a time in every girl's year to gird her loins for a pelvic exam. Yep. I've put it off for long enough so it's the Piccadilly line to Hammersmith and a short sashay to the Bernhardt Clinic, London's first lesbian G.U. clinic. Went with a friend who's nether parts haven't seen the gleam of a speculum for quite some time either. Gaily we enter the waiting room. I spy with my little eye something beginning with L reading last year's HELLO and ancient Independent colour supplements. First pee in a cup which all gather like martinis in a gay little party in the kitchenette then it's chat time with the Doc. First the questionaire.

'Fingers up bums?'

'Er...well...sometimes.'

'Gooood...fingers up vaginas?'

'Well...I...yes.'

'Gooood...oral sex?...'

'Mmmm...sometimes...'

'Toys up the bum?...'

'I think that's a bit pers....'

'Great...up on the couch then.'

It's amazing the advances made in ergonomics - it's actually comfortable to lie with legs spread, head back, clenched fists - mmm...feels familiar.

'I'm just slipping my finger in now and moving about. Any pain?...'

'Uh...no...'

You know, I have to admit I actually felt a throb of excitement before this. I am a pervert.

'Well, you appear to have BV as do 50% of all the women we see'!!!!!!!

Girls - does this finally prove the daisy chain theory? As I walk back towards my friend in the waiting room, she eyes me suspiciously - we both rattle our pill boxes at each other and break into relieved laughter. 'Thank god, we've both got it'. It would seem that BV is very common and it isn't clear whether it's sexually transmitted or not. All I know is that the pills prescribed make you nauseous and prone to gaseous emissions (farts). Not such a great way to lose weight. I had noticed that my smell was different; stronger and sharper as I seem to be normally quite neutral and that I was moist - let's face it - wet, a lot of the time. Now, my frantic urban sex life may very well have hidden these symptoms, indeed they may well have seemed the norm. But the Doctor told me that BV seems to be associated with a myriad of other nasties like PID, heavy and painful periods, and breast abscesses. So I decided to take the bull by the horns and knock it on the head once and for all, and took my full course. As it happens my very special friend managed to get herself a date in the waiting room while yours truly was spread eagled. So it's worth going for the cruise value.

Mandy

This is the cover of the new safer sex handbook for lesbians put out by the GMHC in NYC, written and designed by Julie Tolentino and Lisa Ross.



S.H.E.

A new lesbian health project opens its doors

A new sexual health project devoted to the needs and concerns of lesbians was started in September 93 at the Brent HIV Centre of Harlesdon High Rd. SHE stands for Sisters Health Education and the philosophy of the project is firmly grounded in peer education and training, sharing information which has been previously inaccessible to lesbians. The aims of the project include offering advice, information and education around sexual health issues (including HIV) for women who have sex with women, to coordinate service provision for HIV positive lesbians in the Greater London Area, and to research woman to woman transmission of HIV and other STD's. Watch for SHE promotions with safe sex goodies at upcoming women's club nights.

JoJo

the AUDRE LORDE clinic

Those wonderful dyke doctors have done it again! The Audre Lorde Clinic is the East End's new sexual health clinic for lesbians. 'Staffed entirely by women providing a service specifically for women who have sex with women', they offer screening for sexually transmitted infections, cervical smears, advice and counselling on sexual matters, free dental dams/gloves, breast examination and HIV testing. For information/appointments telephone 071-377 7311/2.

Quim wants to know.... Is this dyke clinic explosion only happening in London? Where are the dyke clinics throughout the rest of the country? What do you all do out there? How do you feel about your ob/gyn and the care you receive? Do you have smears, breast exams, hiv tests, etc? Please write to us with your experiences, good and bad.

women to women get HIV

illustration by zanne, courtesy of Lyon-Martin clinic, SF

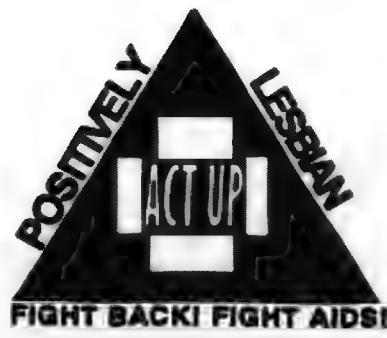


that girls is a reality

Lubey, dubey, do!

Probe, ForePlay, Wet, AstroGlide, Comfort, Foreplay flavoured and Elbow Grease hot gel

We decided to sacrifice our bodies for the cause, got our household of 6 dykes into the action, and tried and tested all these lubes, using a scale which included things like smell, drippiness, evaporation, etc. In the end we came to the conclusion that they are all pretty much the same and they all work just fine, thank you. Though some women do seem to be sensitive to non-oxytol 9 and break out in a case of thrush, it doesn't seem to be an across the board thing. The big issue for most of us was the design of the bottle. Was it easy to get a hold of? Could you open it with one hand? Could you find it in the dark? Did it spill out while rolling around the bed? What we need is a luminous bottle, a non-slip surface, a top that is actually easy to open with one hand and doesn't leak when left open. Thanks to Sh! for donation of the lubes. Sh!, 22 Coronet St. London, Old St. Tube.



At the march on Washington last April there was a Positively Lesbian/ACT UP march to make some of the following demands:

- 1) Immediate research to establish all risk behaviors for the transmission of HIV for lesbians. All studies relating to HIV/AIDS include women who have sex with women, self identified lesbians, lesbian injection drug users and lesbians of colour.
- 2) All studies on risk behaviours for HIV/AIDS ask about sexual identity and investigate for risk women's sexual activities with both male and female partners irrespective of self identification.
- 3) Lesbians with HIV/AIDS and their advocates be included in the design of all HIV/AIDS research.
- 4) Immediate research be conducted on
 - .1 Treatments for Bacterial Pneumonia, Sepsis, Endocarditis, PID, Vaginal Candidiasis, Cervical dysplasia and other diseases affecting women with HIV/AIDS.
 - .2 Woman to woman transmission.
 - .3 The meaning of normal T cell counts in HIV positive and HIV negative women.
 - .4 The effects of oral and injectable contraceptives in HIV infected women.
- 5) Educational materials for injection drug users
 - .1 Inclusive and sensitive of lesbian and bisexual women.
 - .2 Highlight the data that women injection drug users who have sex with women, as compared to those who have sex exclusively with men, are at increased risk of HIV transmission.
 - .3 Stress the importance of reducing risk from both drug using and sexual behaviours.
- 6) Comprehensive HIV/AIDS services for lesbians in prison with access to treatment, clinical trials, HIV prevention education and safer sex materials.
- 7) Every clinical trial include women on the same basis as men with specific outreach to and recruitment of lesbians. All clinical trials have sufficient numbers of women to establish the effects of drugs according to gender.
- 8) New guidelines for HIV testing that recognize and validate the risk potentials for woman to woman transmission of HIV/AIDS.
- 9) Obstetrician gynecologists be hired at all AIDS clinical trial sites to provide care and collect data for every protocol.
- 10) Education on lesbian sexuality for all medical professionals and service providers including obstetrician gynecologists, prison doctors and drug treatment specialists. Inclusion of lesbian sexuality in all public health HIV prevention education and specific outreach to lesbians.

WELL SEXY WOMEN

a lesbian guide to sexual health

We can't review this because we made it - with Michele Hickson - but here's what other people had to say, plus some snippets from our script for a taster:

THE GOOD

"Switching between a round-the-table discussion, and short sex scenes, the video manages to be both informative and entertaining - proving that spontaneous and raunchy sex can still be safer sex."

Pink Paper

"A practical and no-nonsense safer sex guide. Not only does Well Sexy Women allow lesbians to talk about facts, it also allows for the discussion of fears, myths and preconceptions."

Shebang

"...answers most of those embarrassing questions you could not ask your doctor. And it is sexy too."

Sophia Chauchard-Stuart, Capital Gay

"...helping to breach the wall of secrecy that has surrounded sexual practices."

Susie Orbach, The Guardian!!

THE BAD

"This long-awaited video for lesbians, promising scenes of a 'sexually explicit nature' has finally arrived - with more of a dull thud than a bang...The scenarios [sex scenes] are tepid, unfamiliar, and have trouble passing the wet test."

Megan Radclyffe, Time Out

"I'd been dribbling in anticipation of seeing this for a while, but did I know all a young dyke needs to know about safer sex when the end credits chugged into view? Was I actually any the wiser? And not that it's got anything to do with anything, but did I need to wring out my knickers?...Oh, dear, I wish I could say something nice, but I never realised sex could be so fucking tedious....I think I'd have been more turned on if I'd spent the evening thinking about dead puppies....I don't know where they dug the music up from, but I suspect the Tesco PA system may be missing a tape."

Rampaging Teenage Perverts



photo by DELLA GRACE

AND THE UGLY

"...lesbian Aids propaganda...Why is it so important to lesbians that they be considered at risk from HIV? Is it because not being so makes them feel less than 'full' members of the gay community? Or in the case of 'butch' lesbians because it does not fit in with the male image they like to project."

Dick-head and lesbophobe in the letters page of Capital Gay.

She pulls at the bedhead, her arms taut, back arched, head slung back into the pillow, as she battles towards an orgasm. Lilly sucks stronger and faster while twisting and turning. Sylvia's nipples around with her fingers.

She makes a fist and squeezes the lube through her fingers showing her fist to her lover. She slowly, slowly pushes and turns her hand against the opening until it begins to open enough to let her whole hand in. We see her lover's ecstasy as the whole fist slides in.

Cici bends over Aya and slowly thrusts. Aya's face grimaces, then melts into a slack, unfocused softness. Aya pushes her torso back onto the dildo as Cici stands still, letting Aya set the rhythm, all the time caressing Aya's body.

Illustration by CAROLE MURCIA

Well Sexy Women is available from Virgin, HMV & WH Smiths, £14.99 and now also distributed in the US by Greenwood/Cooper Homevideo

Venus Vision

Made by dykes for dykes, dyke porn is not easy to find. I had to go to the USA. I wanted to see explicitly sexual images of dykes 'doing it' in as many of the many ways we do 'do it'.

Talk about being in the right place at the right time. With the film festival in full swing one tape I came across was *Bittersweet* by Alice B. Brave. The woman most definitely lives up to her name. She has made a beautiful, striking and piercing depiction of a sexual exchange between a dominatrix and her submissive.

With my suitcase stuffed full of dyke porn tapes and magazines and recollections of Jenny White (prosecuted for bringing porn videos into the UK) in mind I staggered through Customs bombed out of my brain on champagne I'd drunk for luck. It worked. Venus Vision - The Girls who do Girls Good - video production and distribution company was one step closer to being realised.

However starting out with illegal tapes does make it a bit harder as publicly advertising screenings or the availability of the tapes for home video sale could mean a raid or a holiday in Holloway. The best legal minds in our community recommended setting up a Private Members Film and Video Club.

So if you want to see what we got get one of our membership forms filled in. They are available around the London scene or send an SAE to Venus Vision c/o Out On A Limb, Battersea Studios, TV Centre, Thackeray Rd. London SW8 3TB. **Fiona**

Selfloving available from BlueMoon Films

Chippings, Single St., Biggin Hill, Kent, TN16 3AB

Betty Dodson, queen of masturbation, and a group of her disciples, are simply hysterical in this spiritual circle jerk. And indeed extremely horny. A bunch of women - young, old, straight, gay, skinny, fat and in between, sit in a circle, sharing and showing their cunts, discussing their orgasms, doing meditation, goddess worship and sexual exercises, and then having a good old wank. I must say I enjoyed watching this video. Betty seems to me like a dirty old sod who's found a great way to be exhibitionist and voyeur all in the same go. But seriously, *Selfloving* is intriguing, you'll find yourself watching it over and over. It makes you realize 'real' women aren't Barbie dolls and cunts are as different as snowflakes.



Kissy Suzuki Suck

Kissy Suzuki Suck is an impressionistic view of women's sexuality in general, and women's sexuality in relationship to men who pay for sex in particular. In Alison Murray's debut video, sex work is neither glamourised nor victimised. The repetitive monologues and the *WORK IT* soundtrack recreate the sometimes boring and often repetitive nature of sex work. Coming out of the cold, confined space of the car, the dance sequence gives a fuck off message to men, as the women are clearly in control of their bodies and their sex. The video also conveys a sense of humour about working in the sex industry, as the Madonnarama blondes repeatedly take the piss out of their punters; 'I would rather be shagging a dog.' In this video, women are clearly in the drivers seat, and there is power behind the wheel.

Alison's video is an honest and hard hitting look at an important, if not closeted, issue for lesbians. It seems difficult enough having an honest discussion about sex with other dykes, let alone a discussion about how many of us sell sex for money. The audio is at times difficult to hear, but the moody black and white photography and the strong female performances make *Kissy Suzuki Suck* a first rate video. Alison's new video, *Wank Stallions*, should be on release soon.

JoJo

I watched Annie Sprinkle have a 5 minute megagasm the other day. 'Waahhhh-grrrrr-yeeeeessss-yerrrrrrssssss', in her lesbian sex guide *How to be a Slut and a Goddess*. According to Annie there are a myriad of personas available to the modern girl. These include the abovementioned two - plus slave, nurse, and so on. The video takes us through beauty treatments, self affirming exercises, new age breathing techniques designed to heighten your sexual response, self exploration, then a demonstration of various sexual scenarios. All with a breathy, campy Annie Sprinkle voice over, 'Go on, poke those pussies.. go on, now you can do it, mmmmm...yeah!' It's low tech, high camp and surprisingly sexy. Lots of swirly effects, hairdos, tacky backdrops and tackier music. I loved it.

Mandy Roberts

Sluts and Goddesses

Sluts

and

Goddesses

Dyke dives and such...

BJ takes us clubbing...

Mix It

Monday nights at Heaven Dates announced. What can I say apart from fucking brilliant. A night of sex and drugs. Lots of new faces and some far out shows which blow the fucking house down. It must of been the best dyke (and fag) club I've been to in years. There's three different floors, with three different shows. In October, on the big floor, there was this show with belly dancers and fire eating and a brilliant trapeze show, they even had a little butch devil. This show was the best I've seen in years, the whole thing was fucking great. Judging from the reaction, everyone fucking loved it. On the second floor was grunge music and punk. This is not to everyones taste, but the people that were there did look like they were having a good time. It was wild in the bar, with people

falling all over the place and fucking on the bar, it did make me laugh. On the third floor, they had a chill out bar, which was

very laid back, and the singer was fucking brilliant. It was just the right thing for this bar. Anyway, it is a night you must go to and you can bring your fag friends, they will love it.

Venus Rising

First Wednesday of the month at the Fridge. In October we saw the return of Venus to the Fridge in Brixton. I must say, it was a night to remember. The place was fucking packed with the same old dykes. The show was good, the music was good and the

atmosphere was fucking really nice. But at times you did end up pushed up against the bar. So if you want a good night out, Venus Rising is one of the places to go. BJ

Rumpus

Saturday nights at the Garage on Holloway Rd., Highbury/Islington Tube. With our very own Spunky spinning the tunes, the music's fab - funk and soul, totally danceable. It's the kind of club where you don't give a fuck about anybody and what they think, so you just go for it. A must.

Circle of One

Occasional Fridays. Currently at Regents on Liverpool Rd. Angel or Highbury/Islington Tube.

the weekend sex and sleeve, cuz the girls are always roaring, randy and ready for any kind of party at this Soho boys cruise bar.

Jeni
B. on

the London scene

Check gay papers for update as clubs come and go...Tuesday brings Ciao Baby at The Fridge in Brixton with star-studded PAs galore and fab tunes to groove to. Underneath the arches At Heaven's Fruit Machine is definitely juicy every Wednesday with Tasty Tim and Miss Barbie hitting the decks for dancers downstairs, with

The Powder Room upstairs for glam drag guys and their friends. Garden of Eve warms you up for the weekend on Thursdays. A weekly women's affair held at Wilde About

Oscar, one of London's latest lesbian & gay restaurant and bars. It's only on until 1am so get there early and pay £5, including grub. The weekend get off to a start with Pressure Zone on Friday at The Vox in Brixton. On till 6am the trip's well worth it if you're not living by. For Saturday nighters, strut some serious stuff at Fierce Child at Maximus 14, Leicester Sq. This place is kicking till 6am. Or hang

out with the boys at Love Muscle at the Fridge for one of the hottest nights out in this packed out joint. Then on to Trade, 638 Clerkenwell Rd. for some serious chilling and the wildest crowd in town. Expect a long queue, it's worth it. Hostess Jeanette brings the Frog and Night Gown to life on Sunday nights with women-only club Cheekies down the Old Kent Rd. Place is packed with friendly women and there's room to groove. And Sue holds the mega-popular Wow Bar at the Brixtonian

Backyard, Neals Yard. Chock a block with women, sorry no men pals allowed. If you fancy a change of scenario, check out Way Out Wine Bar at Macey's on Duke St.

The friendliest venue around, best bar people and relaxed clientele.

Transexuals, transvestites, dykes, gays, straights unite and drink till 3am. Last night of the week Sunday gets ultra-funky at Queer Nation. One of the best tune-playing joints in town at The Gardening Club. On till 2am, get down to vinyl mixes from Princess Julia and guest spinners

who play to a mixed lively crowd.

Jeni B.

a bit ginger presents

The Slut Hut

a brand new sexually satisfying fetish night strictly for Dykes, Queers and perverts. Every second

Thursday of the month in the backroom at Home nightclub. Don't miss it if you are up North.

The Clit Club

A pomaceopia of leather lezzies, from the committed SM leather dyke to Barbies dressed in the softest of deerskin chaps, frequent what just has to be described as a haunt. The Clit Club, in its 3rd year is fast assuming legendary status. A backroom that sometimes sees action, a deeply dark and forboding aura, music that goes from heaven to hell then floats somewhere in between, and "cabarets" that provoke responses that span the range but don't cross the bridge.

Too Too Fabulous

The award for The Surprisingly Wonderful Event of the Year goes to Stonewall for their Too Too Fabulous Ball. I arrived and was immediately immersed in a sea of swarming tuxedo's and ball gowns worn by queer couples of all descriptions from the very old to the very young and weird looking. Nearly everyone had made an effort to ensure that the vast hall of the Royal Horticultural Society was teeming with exotica fruit, flora and dodgy fauna. I never in my life suspected that so many of us knew how to waltz the night away with such camp abandon. People smiled, spoke with one another and seemed quite happy. Delta



sideshow at Mix It photo by Helen Mathias



MANCHESTER...

...thank you, there is life outside London

Stuff to know pages (also known as the Quim last minute nightmare!!!)

Stone Fox (SF)

Glam-core? Oh, I don't know, they are just fucking brilliant. Jorge singing about strapping it on - 'I am a donkey, I am a butterfly'. Play spot the dykes. Debut single?

Album? Available soon!

Angel Corpus Christi (SF)

Amazingly strange and excellent band, Angel is a fetishists dream singing 'You can't keep a ruff tuff creme puff down, not when she's wearing a designer gown.'

Yeah! More info write: ACC P.O. Box 22113, San Francisco, CA 94122.

Bucktoothed Varmits (SF)

Rockabilly crossed with the Theme from Batman?!? We've lost Annie Toone (formerly of WOS) to SF. with this new band! (A Different Light might carry 'em.)

Pat Wilder (SF) - Funk and R&B. One of San Francisco's finest guitarists and performers. This woman oozes charm, so watch your nickers girls, she'll be touring the UK soon! For more info write c/o Quim.

Mothers with Attitude - (London) Known to drop their shopping and

their kids on the pavement in the middle of (the posh side) Portobello Rd. and scare the masses with their performance. Currently recording debut single.

Sister George (London)

Queer-core. They say 'Sister George is part of a growing distaste among dykes and

queers for a 'straight' gay lifestyle. Hey, they hate you! Fucking A. First album 'Drag King' on Catcall records expected soon.



ANGEL CORPUS CHRISTI



BUCKTOOTHED VARMITS

Stars Kill Rock

compilation - 17 bands inc. Tribe 8, Slant 6, Pansy division and Cunts with Attitude. Kill Rock Stars, 120 State Ave NE 148, Olympia, WA 98501, USA, send SASE for info.

4 Non Blondes

The British music press hates them and I have a feeling its a rampant case of riot grrrl-phobia and homophobia. (Not that they call themselves riot grrrls but....) Okay, their first album is a bit slick and overproduced. Linda promises big changes on the next one. Anyway, the only way to see them is live, cuz these girls fucking rock. When I first heard Linda Perry in '88 I used to describe her as thrashy-folk and I haven't found a better description yet.

Anyway, the band is tight, watch that Hillhouse, she's serious on base and

Linda's singing could squeeze blood out of a stone. And hey, girls, they're out! They say it gets lonely on the road and they wouldn't mind meeting some friends, so make sure they know there are dykes in the house if you go to see them and you just might get a chance to show them your local nightlife.

Music from A Different Light Bookstore in San Francisco

Tribe 8 - Pig Bitch (EP)/ By the Time We Got To Colorado (CD) Lead singer, Lynn Breedlove, is known for whipping out a big dildo in the middle of concerts, and their hard core sound and attitude are always a hit. The seven inch is a four song intro to their stuff, the CD has more content, and is specially priced at \$12 US.

Tiger Trap (Cassette and CD)

From California, these four women are headed for fame in a big way. Sparse but accomplished instrumentals, funky lyrics, and some very talented women who trade off lead vocals in concert.

7 Year Bitch - Sick 'Em (Cassette and CD)

One of the four women in the band currently is queer, the rest are extremely queer friendly. Lead singer Selene Vigil belts out lyrics on songs like 'Dead Men Don't Rape', 'In Lust You Trust', and 'No Fucking War' with the rest of the band in full swing behind her.

Ani DiFranco (Cassette and CD)

An extremely talented folksinger who sings political tunes from the personal perspective of a bisexual woman. Ani's performed at the Michigan

Festival and in the span of four years has produced four albums, the latest of which is 'Puddle Dive.' My own favourite is 'Imperfectly', released in early '93.

CDs are \$17(US) and seven inch vinyl is \$4(US). You must also enclose \$4 (US) shipping per order (large orders add a few \$ more) and the goodies will be on their way to you. US DOLLARS CASH ONLY PLEASE. Direct your inquiries to Rachel c/o A Different Light, 489 Castro St. San Francisco, CA 94114. **Rachel Pepper** (Eds. - ask them about any of these SF bands listed here and more!)

'ZINES

Rampaging Teenage Perverts

BM NANCEE, London, WC1N 3XX.

30p + SASE! Cheap! Bratty, sassy, cynical, rude and downright nasty. Ah!

the youth of today. They make me feel like an old fart, but damn it, I'm proud of 'em. Rampaging Teenage Perverts are just that and fuck you if you don't like it.

Venus Inferi

4 issues for \$45 from: 2215-R Market St.

San Francisco, CA 94114 I've only seen the premier issue of this new quarterly mag for leatherwomen, but it looks absolutely fab - every girl should have one. There's a piece called Who is My Sister, written by Pat Califia, fucking brilliant.

Pat you are my goddess of words.

Lezzie Smut

1 issue \$5 Canadian, 3 for \$15, 6 for \$30. Double these amounts to cover postage, and do them a favour and send cash, Canadian dollars. Canadian obscenity laws are getting as strict as they are here in the UK. So buy

our sisters-in-sin new magazine and help fight the system.

Harpies & Quines

11 Queens Crescent, Glasgow, G4 9AS 12 issues yearly; unwaged £7, waged £14, Europe £17.50, Overseas £25, blah, blah...

I want to know why the Scottish feminists got it right! Fucking excellent rag with no preachiness and good humour. Favourite column - Wanker of the month - these girls do their homework!

queer zine explosion

Larry-Bob Box 591275 San Francisco, CA 94159-1275

4 issue subscription \$2 (send cash only please, US dollars, double the price as they'll lose on the exchange and send \$1 each for postage..)

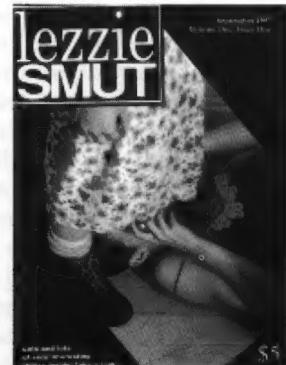
Queer zine explosion is a zine listing zines. They have listings of music and videos as well. Tons of stuff around dykes and even if you don't order any of the zines listed, it's interesting and full of ideas.

On Our Backs

526 Castro St. San Francisco, CA 94114 1 yr., 6 issues - \$60 (US)

Just want to list them as the most popular dyke sex mag ever. I find that UK subs do get through most of the time. They sell back issues too. Definitely worth collecting.

(Sophie says I have to stop now, we're out of time, sorry to everyone I forgot or didn't have room for...Lulu)



Melting Point, Pat Califia's new book, brilliant! Buy it! See excerpt page 64.



PAT WILDER

Lesbians Talk Making Black Waves

Eds. Valerie Mason John & Ann Khambatta
Scarlet Press

Dear All,

My position as reviewer of *Making Black Waves* is questionable to say the least. I am a white woman, and middle-class to boot. In the section of the book which addresses SM sex, *Quim* magazine is singled out in the most negative terms, i.e. child abuse, power abuse etc. So what could I possibly have to say of any value in the context of this magazine? Then again, writing from the ranks of the politically-correctly disenfranchised gives me the opportunity to rush in where angels fear to wear ten-hole Docs.

Black women are justifiably fed-up with having to educate white women about issues pertinent to them, (politically, culturally, historically,) but educate me it did, and for the first time in personal, not ideological terms.

It is a shock to realise that there have been no other books which deal specifically with the complexities of being a black lesbian in Britain. I had assumed that black Americans voiced the universal experience of black people everywhere. Clearly given the former absence of any work relating to black lesbians in Britain I was not the only person guilty of this.

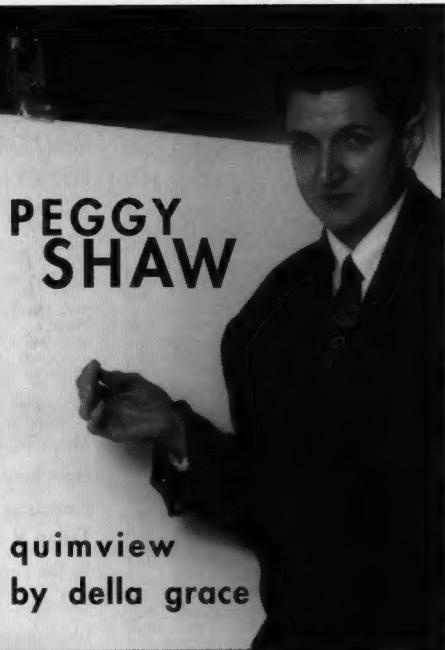
Making Black Waves is a reminder that Britain is not the 54th State, and so despite the profusion of Black American (lesbian) writing, and other media, they do not articulate the particular experiences of being black and lesbian and over here.

It gives an honest insight into the struggle for self definition of black women in Britain and does not gloss over the differences between black lesbians around such issues as how to define 'black' and therefore who is included and excluded by such definitions. The feeling of security that these struggles to establish a black lesbian community provide are well documented, as are the attendant insecurities familiar from anyone's experience of politically sensitive debate. The authors have obviously worked hard to include diverse opinions from across the p.c. divides.

The voices of the different participants are intended to reflect the broad range of opinion rather than the editorial, much like *Quim*. However some of the editors explanatory notes which divide the book into chapters tend to be a little didactic and to offer statements rather than analysis, (but I am aware that this is probably attributable to the format of the *Lesbians Talk* series as much as a deliberate style.)

The last section on racism left me personally feeling confused. I found the de facto statement that "all white people are racist" incredibly unhelpful as a starting point to a discussion about racism. Apart from the echoes of "Four legs good, two legs bad" it doesn't leave much room or reason for continuing the discussion. If I was to admit to this 'truth' it would seem to completely invalidate anything else I would have to say on the subject. All that is left to white women who want to address racism is to decide which categories of racism one is guilty of, as defined in the last chapter.

Yes, white people are socialised with prejudice and ignorance to be racist but we're also socialised to be heterosexual so this socialisation is clearly not absolute. I feel that the statement 'all white people are racist' which I've heard a great many times from white women as well as black women, fuels the anxiety (especially for lesbians for whom the pressure to conform to politically correct beliefs is very great) felt about addressing black issues in general for fear of being found to be racist. It certainly doesn't help to feel that one is only guilt tripped by one's own racism into taking on black issues. It may be a good place to start theoretically, in terms of understanding the pervasiveness of racism in society but the finality of the statement and the fact that it's almost impossible to refute, (without being called racist) effectively removes the possibility for change; in other words it denies mutual respect and the belief in the potential for change personally and as a community. **Michele Hickson**



I want to begin this piece by declaring my interest, no, my absolute fascination, with the BBB (Big, Beautiful, Butch) who is the subject of this interview and the object of my (no longer) covert desire. Our paths have been crisscrossing and crossing for a while now and at last an opportunity to stroll arm in arm up the garden path together has presented itself in the guise of this *Quimview*. So those of you 'in the know' Peggy Shaw

needs no intro. If you don't know who she is imagine a tall lanky butch who makes Stanley Kowalski look nelly, a redhead with a twinkle in her crinkle, and a presence that is guaranteed to melt the butchest of hearts.

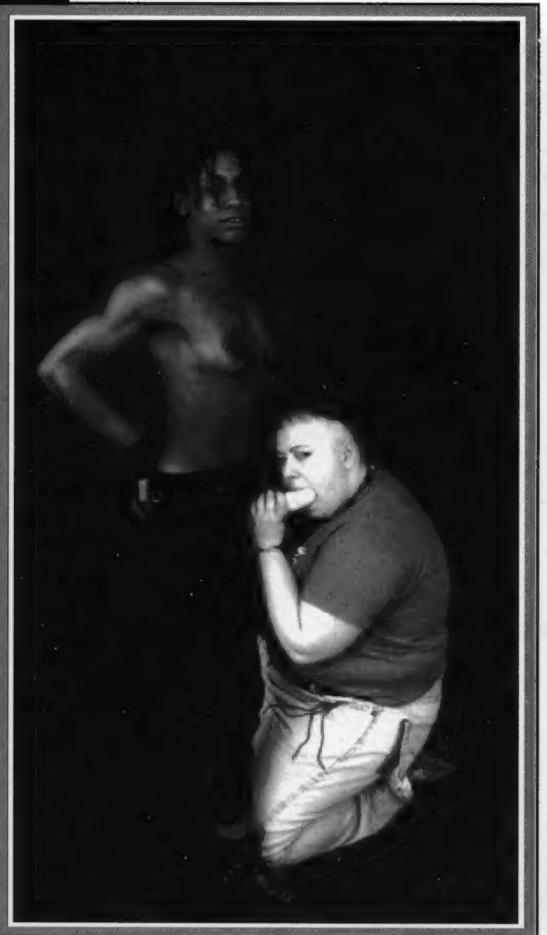
Most of you will have heard of Split Britches, a lesbian theatre company founded by Peggy and Lois Weaver, over a decade ago in NYC. Last year at the Drill Hall we had *Lesbians Who Kill*. But after living, loving and performing together, Peggy is preparing for her first solo performance based on her experience of being born butch and the true meaning of the white shirt. (*You're Just Like My Father* is part of the show *Two Big Girls*, along with *Imagine Being More Afraid of Freedom Than You Are of Slavery* from another fabulous New Yorker, Pamela Sneed.)

Peggy explains, "I like clothes. In public, in private, having clothes on, taking them off, knowing what's underneath clothes. The whole thing about drag and 'passing' - it's in the clothes. Reaching inside the clothes, knowing or not knowing what you're gonna find." (Which of course, is just what I'm daydreaming about...) So imagining hundreds of dykes queuing up for a date with Peggy, I ask if she found it necessary to beat them back, she admitted that, "No, I never get any open propositions, though it would be nice, but it's more subtle. It's still shocking to me, that kind of sexual thing, having to do with me, being thought of in a sexual way." At a few months off the big 5-0 and totally hot, she continues with, "...the mood now, the new openness about sex toys is very interesting to me because it was something I prevented myself from exploring. When I realised that my gender was not necessarily my sexuality it was a great moment. That I can be whoever I want to be visually but that I didn't have to perform that way in bed. I always have trouble being on top. And the thing about being on top is from when I was thought of as a boy. So I tried not to be on top. Being actually, physically, on top of someone is really hard for me. I do it and experiment with it and Lois helps me with it but it's hard and it's very deep and I know where it comes from. It comes from being thought of, badly, as a boy. And that if I'm on top I am a boy. Every year I get more sexual. It has to do with feeling good about yourself, wherever you are, whatever you're doing."

But here goes, another confession from a wanna-be Catholic. I'm as interested in theatre, lesbian or otherwise, as I am in poetry. Although I admire the actor Shaw, my primary inspiration goes beyond the performance into the personal. Watching Peggy, and Peggy & Lois from a gradually decreasing distance for more than a decade, (they've been together for 14-15 years depending on who you ask), is an experience I enjoy and learn from. Like, how they manage to successfully interpret non-monogamy into their lives after being monogamous for most of their relationship. The big question, is it possible to have your cake and eat it too, know what I mean?

(Eds. note - sorry readers, but we've got to go to press and Della will just have to carry on her investigation and finish this up for next time....)

photo by DELLA GRACE



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PHOTOGRAPHY
DELLA GRACE

SUBMIT

**SUBMIT TO US, YOU *!@&%*S!
GIVE US WHAT WE WANT, NEED, CRAVE...**

We sit in our chilly house, working obsessively on this here rag wondering if we're mad or sane, so burst our bubble, tell us what you think/want, better still write it, draw it, photograph it and send it to us. There are no rules and if you detect any it's your duty to defy them isn't it. So long as it has a sexual focus we're game.

QUIMQUOTES

Women to answer general questionnaires

Especially dis-abled dykes, older dykes (yes, you gorgeous, grey-haired dykes), younger dykes (under 21), Asian dykes, Black dykes, non-London dykes, in fact, non-English dykes.

On particular subjects - We want dyke mothers, soon-to-be, trying-to-be, and wanna-be; dykes who have been in jail, or have a lover or friend in jail; dykes who love their dicks; dykes into anal sex; dykes with major fetishes, esp. shoes & uniforms; and yet again, dykes experiencing non-monogamy that works, anyone who has *casual sex/relationships* and women who have actually *had sex* at sex parties or in backrooms; and lastly, anyone who would like to discuss consent.

The best response for our quimquotes was at the London Lesbian & Gay Centre, but with that closed, we could use other such outlets (for sales as well).

PHOTOGRAPHY - We are getting quite desperate about the fact that we have so few photographers to work with. Poor Della's broke like us now since we encouraged her to leave her job to be a free spirit like us, and now we make her do stuff free for Quim! But we are really into finding and working with new photographers. Even if you are not currently shooting sex stuff, just interested, send in samples of what you're doing and we'll try to help guide you along. We also need snapshot pix for collages - pictures that can be cut up and will not be returned. Overseas photographers, take note; looks like we are getting things siezed, so send a letter seperately when you send photos. Or send things registered.

WRITING - We need fiction 1,000-2,000 words and short pieces, i.e. 500-1,000 words. Otherwise, we have tons of poetry, so readers - tell us your feelings about reading it - we may have to do a poetry issue!

REVIEWS - Help!! Here we are again, night before we go to press, sitting in the office (Lulu's bedroom), going mad because as usual we've left the reviews, ed's letter and subs page till the last minute! Not just design, but the text as well. So here's 2 things you can help with. Send us stuff - your zines, videos, recordings, whatever we might be interested in, we can help promote it. Nothing too timely though, as we're not. Next, do reviews for us. We know anybody out there has got to know more about what's happening on the dyke scene than us. Very short and pictures if you can get them. Anything with a healthy dose of dyke sex and politics would probably interest us. Don't send originals, in case they get lost.

QUIM MAGAZINE, BM 2182, LONDON, WC1N 3XX.



photo by JAIME SMITH

SUBSCRIBE

QUIM Issues 1,2, & 3, are completely sold out. Issue 4 is 52 pages; Xenomorphism cover and centrefold by Della Grace; Quimquotes on s/m & tits; fiction by Hans Schierl; cost is £4 + 50p postage. Issue 5 is £5 + £1 postage. 96 pages, feature Black Women Speak Out; Quimquotes on sex work, boys & cunts; fiction by Pat Califia, Jane Salanas, Leonora Rogers Wright and more; photos by Laurence Jaugy-Paget, Lola Flash, Dixie Thomas and Della Grace. Cover illustration by Spunk.

QUIM is available in the UK and EC for individual sale from Quim, BM 2182, London, WC1N 3XX. Europe outside the EC, please add extra £1 postage. Quim also provides small distribution for individuals and venues. Bookshops can order Quim through Central Books, 99 Wallis Road, London, E9 5LN. Tel. 081-986 4654.

QUIM is available in the US from Last Gasp Distributors, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Tel. (415) 824-6636; and from Inland Book Co., 140 Commerce St., East Haven, CT 06512. Tel. (203) 467-4257. For individual orders send \$12.00 CASH ONLY PLEASE to Quim, BM 2182, London, WC1N 3XX, UK. Other overseas individual orders send equivilant of £8 sterling or \$12 (US).

QUIM's WISH LIST - to any fairy sugar mummies/babies out there this is what we need - a Quadra dip mac, laser printer, office space (so we can get out of our bedrooms), a car so we can distribute ourselves and gather your input, a fax, photocopier, filing cabinet and stationery of any description (we're talking virgos here). A building to house our multi-media sextravaganzas.